DREAMY COLOR PICTURES OF TAB!

modern screen

SEPT.
25c

AUG 13 1957

How he Proposed!

RORY CALHOUN
"Well, it was leap-year--so..."

PAT BOONE
"Right in the middle of the street..."

Janet Leigh

is it true

BLONDES HAVE MORE DATES?

You'll find out when you blonde your hair with ***Lady Clairol®*** ***Whipped Creme*** Hair Lightener. Actually *silkens* your hair as it *lightens* it...in *one fast action!* Lady Clairol whips instantly to a soft, rich cream...never runs or drips. Nothing like it for ease or speed...for clear, even tone. Leaves hair easy to manage...never coarse or brassy. For a glamorous change in your looks...your personality...try amazing, new ***Lady Clairol. The Whipped Creme makes the fabulous difference!***





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AUG 13 1957

A tale of two dances

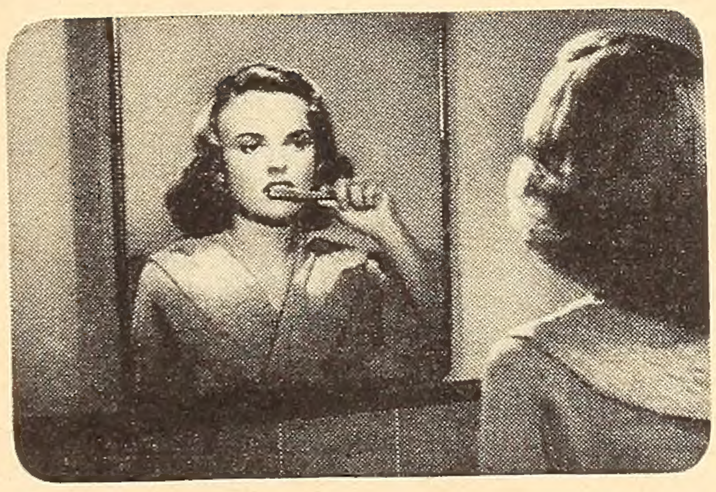
(DID YOU SEE POOR POLLY ON TV?)

Polly came home from the party, weeping. "I had the most miserable time," she told her mother.

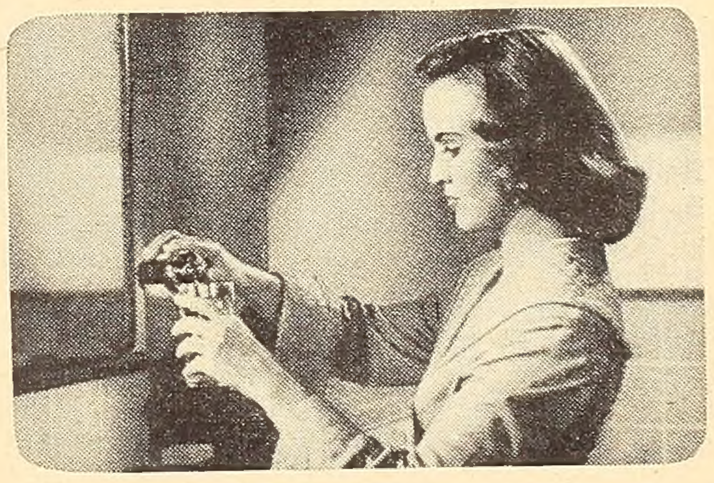




She had counted on a wonderful evening . . . but it didn't turn out that way. What good are good looks if a girl has bad breath?



Polly had depended on tooth paste alone. But the most common cause of bad breath is germs in the mouth. No tooth paste is antiseptic, so . . .



No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . instantly . . . by millions.

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

In fact, Listerine kills every germ found in the mouth—stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste.



Dances are fun for Polly now. What a difference! With Listerine, a girl gives her charm a fair break.



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WHERE WERE YOU...





WHEN EVERYONE ELSE WAS ON THE BEACH?

So you're missing out on all the fun, playing absentee at beach parties, letting everyone *else* have a wonderful time—while you hide away with your monthly "problems"!

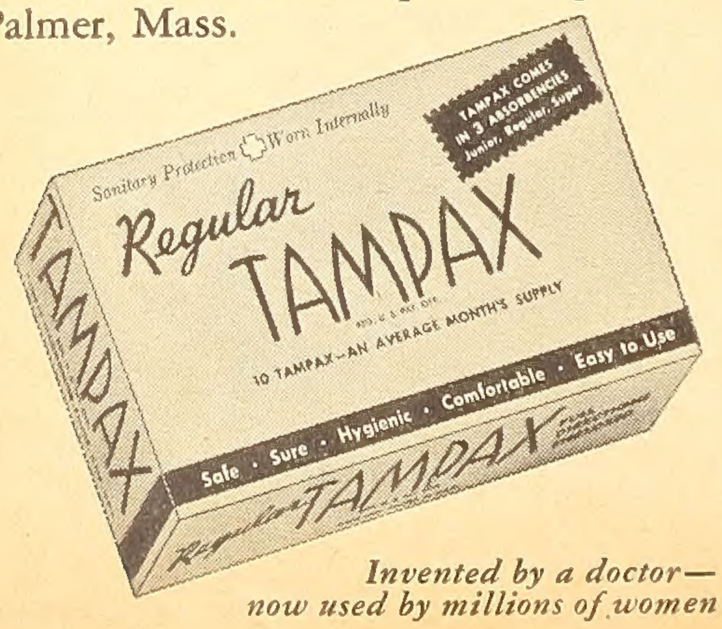
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Enjoy the freedom of the beach—swim if you want to—use Tampax! Have done with bulging pads and belts! Wear the sleekest bathing suit under the sun—and play beauty on the beach or in the sea, just as you choose!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

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Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

SEPTEMBER, 1957

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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Color portrait of Janet Leigh on the cover by C. Blackwell of Globe Photos. Janet can soon be seen in U-I's **Badge Of Evil,** *RKO's* **Jet Pilot** *and U.A.'s* **The Vikings.**

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RHYN SERLIN, story editor
INA C. STEINHAUSER, associate editor
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...in the great

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Civil War

romance.



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The Window of the World



Be the one who catches his eye!

Aren't you glad you've always been so careful with your appearance, especially your hair! Every hair is in place, and you know it's easiest to keep that way by setting and securing it with Gayla HOLD-BOB . . . the all-purpose bobby pin preferred by more women over all others.

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is it true that when **Liz Taylor** woke out of the anaesthetic after her recent back operation, the first thing she asked was, "Where's my diamond ring?"
—T.R., San Francisco, Cal.

A *Yes.*

Q Was **Carroll Baker** turned down for the role that **Natalie Wood** played in *Rebel Without A Cause?*
—H.R., Ellenville, N.Y.

A *Yes.*

Q Is it true that **Tony Perkins** has gone Hollywood?
—S.T., Baltimore, Md.

A *He's showing signs of the disease.*

Q Can you tell me if **Pat Boone** and **Elvis Presley** flopped in Cleveland on their personal appearance tours?
—E.R., Cleveland, Ohio

A *Both flopped with a bang.*

Q What is the relationship between **Henry Fonda** and director John Ford?
—L.K., Louisville, Ky.

A *They once were friends; are friends no more.*

Q What happened to **Bella Darvi?**
—E.S., NYC

A *She has become one of Monte Carlo's top gamblers.*

Q Is it possible for you to reveal from whom **Grace Kelly** now buys her clothes—now that she's a princess?
—O.R., Chicago, Ill.

A *She buys them from* Lanvin Castillo. *Grace recently purchased six dresses—from a collection of eighty shown her!*

Q Who is responsible for this remark: "I've been broke but I never lived poor."
—C.R., Milwaukee, Wis.

A Mike Todd.

Q What is **Martha Raye's** real name?
—F.L., Seattle, Wash.

A *Margaret O'Reed.*

Q Is it true that when **Jennifer Jones** sees photographers, she begins to cry?
—A.M., Detroit, Mich.

A *Photographers frighten Jennifer; when they insist upon taking her photo, she frequently breaks into tears.*

Q The feud between **Kim Novak** and **Barbara Nichols** in Pal Joey—was it on the square?
—J.Y., San Francisco, Cal.

A *A case of mutual jealousy.*

Q Is it true that Aly Khan's son is as great a lover as his father?
—D.H., Ft. Worth, Tex.

A *Amine Khan, eighteen, has been dating film star* **Betta St. John** *in Cannes; doing a fine job.*

Q Is it really true that the family of the Marquis de Portago, the racing driver recently killed, would not allow **Linda Christian** at the funeral?
—V.T., Bangor, Me.

A *Various members of the family objected to her presence, so Linda was not at the funeral.*

Q Does **Henry Fonda** hate Hollywood?
—H.R., Omaha, Neb.

A *He says he does.*

Q Why does **Tony Curtis** let his hair grow the way it does?
—Y.G., Miami, Fla.

A *Tony's answer: "In 1948 I was too poor to visit the barber. I was paid $150 a week but I owed so much money, I had none left over for haircuts. So I let my hair grow. I came to like it that way."*

Q Will **Anne Baxter** ever marry again?
—H.T., Carmel, Cal.

A *She might, but she's the first to admit that "as wives, actresses are bad bargains."*

Q Are **Sinatra** and **Lewis** feuding?
—B.T., Cody, Wyo.

A *At the moment Frankie and Jerry Lewis are not on the best of terms.*

Q Is **Peter Lawford** all washed up in movies? And how come?
—V.R., Richmond, Va.

A *Having lost his bobby-sox following, Lawford no longer has any real big box-office pull.*

Q **Mario Lanza** had so much trouble with MGM. Can you tell me why he is now making another film there?
—E.L., Long Beach, N.Y.

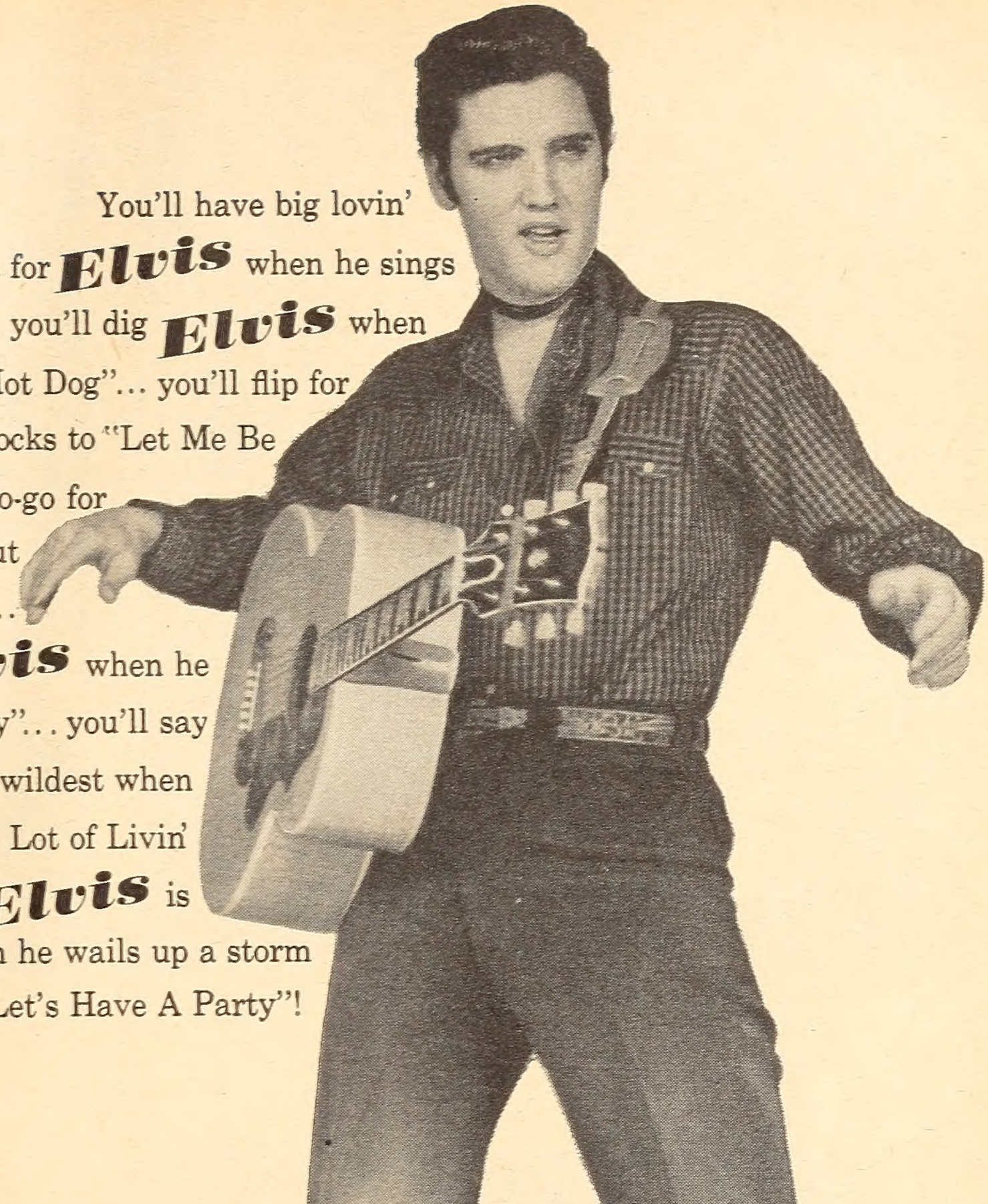
A *MGM is merely releasing the new Lanza film,* Seven Hills of Rome, *not producing it.*

Q Has **Bing Crosby's** new girl friend **Inger Stevens,** ever been married?
—V.R., Hartford, Conn.

A *Married once to agent Tony Soglio.*

(Continued on page 19)

You'll have big lovin'
eyes for **Elvis** when he sings
"Loving You"... you'll dig **Elvis** when
he comes on strong with "Hot Dog"... you'll flip for
Elvis when he rocks to "Let Me Be
Your Teddy Bear"... you'll go-go-go for
Elvis when he rides out
on "Mean-Woman Blues"...
you'll get your kicks from **Elvis** when he
swings to "Lonesome Cowboy"... you'll say
Elvis is the wildest when
he belts out "Got A Lot of Livin'
To Do"... and you'll know **Elvis** is
too much when he wails up a storm
to "Let's Have A Party"!



YOU'LL LOVE

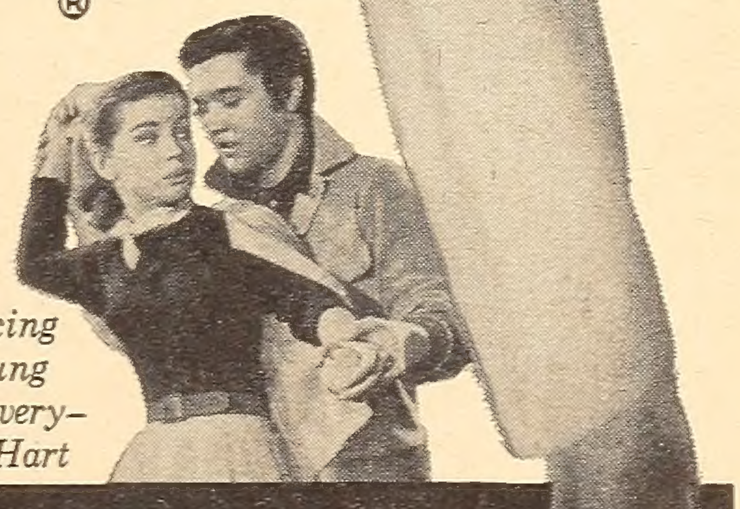
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LIZABETH SCOTT
WENDELL COREY

in **Loving You**

A HAL WALLIS Production

Directed by HAL KANTER • Screenplay by HERBERT BAKER and HAL KANTER • From a Story by Mary Agnes Thompson • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Gregory Peck wouldn't pose alone, gallantly insisting that his wife be in the photograph. And after all—can you blame him?



The King, Clark Gable, and his lovely Queen were the cen of all eyes. Kay was radiant—'specially when looking at hi

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

This was a fabulous month

In Hollywood—filled with

Joy and heartbreak, laughter and tears.

Come—join me in Our Wonderful Town.

THE PARTY OF THE MONT

The movie husbands and wives who insist sitting together at parties got all shook up dinner partners by courageous hostess Fr Stark who, with husband Ray, gave one of most star-studded affairs I've ever attend

It was really cute to see **Robert Tayl** crossing the room to kiss **Ursula Thies** who was sitting at our table. And **Cla Gable** came back—and then back agai to talk to **Kay,** who was seated just a ta or two away from him.

I never saw **Lana Turner** look m beautiful. She is so slender these days her tight-fitting tangerine-colored dress show off her figure to perfection. I must say Lo looked very happy too, dancing with go looking WARNER BROTHERS actor **Micha Dante.**

Just an added word about this twenty- year-old man. His real name is John Vitti for a short time he played baseball for WASHINGTON SENATORS. Growing discourag when he got in few games and spent most his time warming the bench, he turned to ing and got himself a job in *Raintree Cou* before WARNERS signed him to a contract. likes Lana plenty—and it seems to be mut

Gregory Peck was a charming din companion with our group although he, kept an eye on his vivacious French w looking very smart in a Paris gown, sitt a few tables away.

Merle Oberon's fabulous jewelry always eye-catching and she looked stunn in a white gown with her diamond neckl **Norma Shearer,** former star, looked youthful as today's group dancing with h band Marty Arrougé; among others twir



re are Bob and Ursula a few seconds after he kissed her. It could have been their first date, the way they held hands while together.

und the dance floor were the Mervyn Le ys and the Buddy Adlers.

Speaking of the Stark party, a couple at- cting much attention was **Jacques de rgerac** and **Claire Bloom.** Jacques, king his first appearance since his divorce m Ginger Rogers, was most attentive to the ely British actress who had just arrived in llywood for *The Brothers Karamazov*.

remember Claire from her early days in llywood, when she was far from being the portant stage, screen and Shakespearean ress she is today. Even after she was cast **Charlie Chaplin**'s picture *Limelight*— s was long before his troubles with Uncle m—she didn't attract too much attention. arlie's movies are always ALL-Chaplin cs, and few of his leading ladies get a nce to shine on their own.

But Claire went to Londo where, in a short e, she became a really important young ress with the OLD VIC COMPANY. **Sir urence Olivier** himself said that her iet was one of the loveliest performances had ever seen.

When MGM brought her back for *The Broth- Karamazov* with **Yul Brynner,** Claire s accorded the red-velvet-carpet treatment which must have been a wonderful satis- tion.

Later she came to my home and I had a g talk with her. She said one thing I greatly mire her for—it took a bit of courage to say considering the way Americans feel about aplin these days—and vice versa.

"I do not agree with his politics and think- g—but I shall always be grateful and feel sense of loyalty to him for the chance he ve me," Claire said. *(Continued on page 8)*



Merle Oberon was so very beautiful—and happy as a lark!—glittering and glamorous like a fairy princess at a magnificent ball.



Claire Bloom disagrees with Charlie Chaplin's ideas on politics, but she always remembers he launched her career.

CHOOSE



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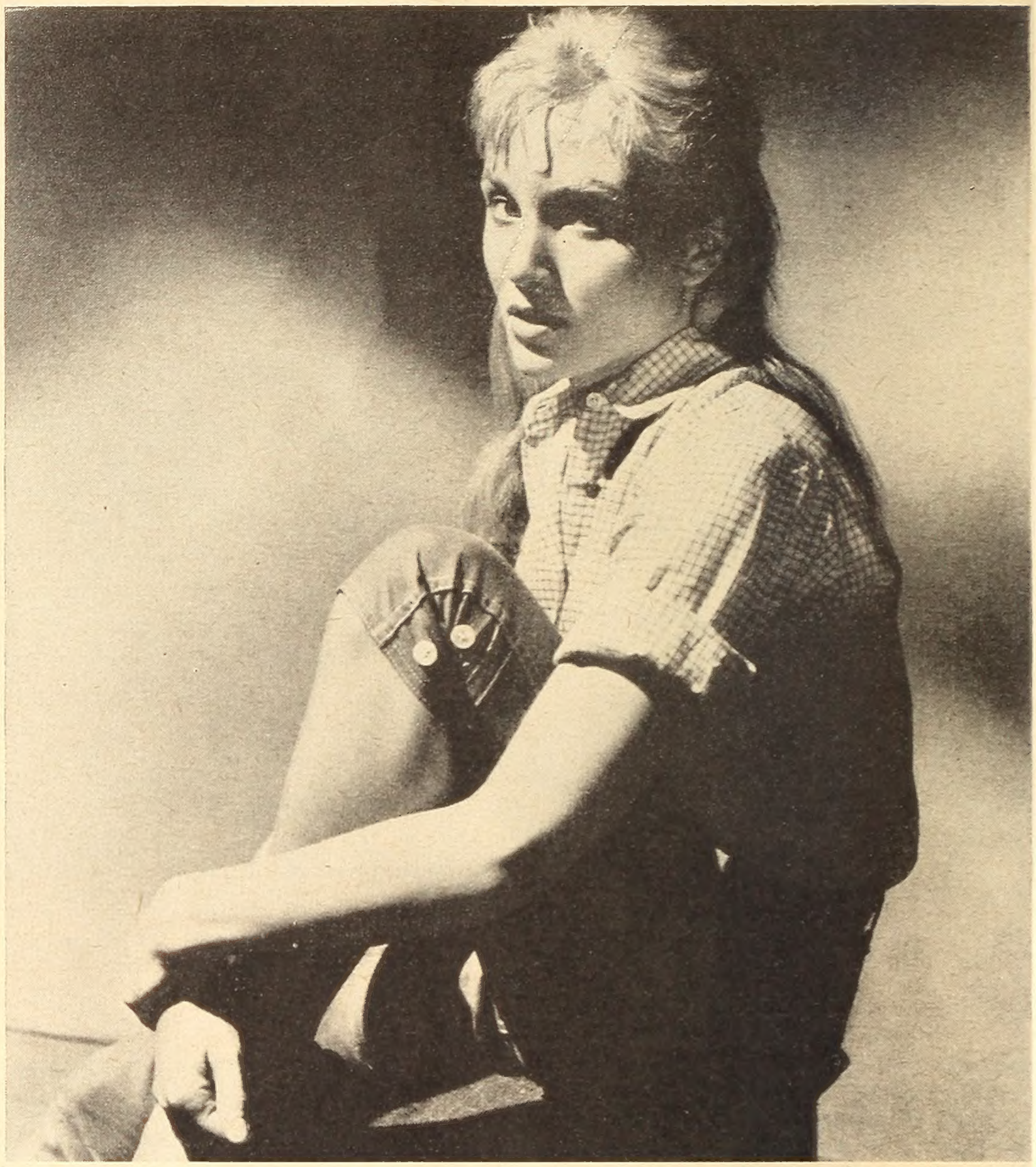
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Susan Oliver's very pretty, very talented and very popular—a combination that spells success

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM: Susan Oliver, the blonde, emerald-eyed beauty who has been discovered by Marty Melcher to star in his first production *without* his wife **Doris Day,** *Tender Fury*. I don't know when I've been more impressed by a newcomer than I am with Susan.

A novice to the screen, this girl has had excellent training. She appeared on Broadway in *Small War On Murray Hill* and originally came to Hollywood to star in two *Matinee Theatre* TV shows.

Many girls get started this way—but the important thing about Susan is that she has the air of a star—that intangible something that separates the hopefuls from the big leaguers. I hear that WARNERS are going to give her the same build-up **Natalie Wood** and **Carroll Baker** received.

In fact, Susan may give Natalie a run for her honors in the date business. In the short time she's been in town she's been out with Warner LeRoy, son of the director, **Tab Hunter, Dennis Hopper** and **Tony Perkins.**

I like one story about her particularly—as soon as she finished her starring role in *Tender Fury*, she returned to New York to pay off $1,000 of debts she had accumulated while struggling for a break in the big town.

She was born in New York on February 13th, 1936, and before her parents were divorced she lived with them in Japan, where her father produced documentary films for the US Information Agency.

"I can speak Japanese," she laughs, "i that will help in my screen career!"

FRANK SINATRA: Frankie was **Humphrey Bogart's** closest friend, and has done much to cheer Bogey's widow, the beautiful **Lauren Bacall,** by seeing that she is included in every party to which he is invited. I must say he has helped her considerably and she looks beautiful these days

One of the parties she attended with Frankie and his pals was at Sinatra's favorite bistro THE VILLA CAPRI, an affair hosted by Frankie in honor of agent Irving Lazar before Lazar departed for a month in Europe.

Betty, as Bogey always called her—and so do all of us who are her friends—wore a flowered print, a white background with bright red roses. So becoming to her.

She was as gay as a bird, and without the strain of trying to keep her chin up—and face the world courageously—which marked her in the tragic weeks following Bogey's death. No matter what happens, Betty's philosophy of life is to keep up one's morale and turn a smiling face to the world. Only once did she lapse, and that was when she told me that her young daughter, four-year-old Leslie, had fallen and broken *(Continued on page 10*



He bought her...she was his!

He bought a beautiful slave and made her mistress of his giant plantation! ~ He came to Louisiana with $2,000,000 in gold! ~ In his New Orleans mansion he kept a stunning prisoner that  he never touched! ~ He knew the greed at Rio Bongo, the debauchery at Pointe du Loup, the treachery at Belle Helene — but nobody really knew him! ~ ~

CLARK GABLE ~ **YVONNE DE CARLO**

as the man who took the strange name of Hamish Bond — *as Manty, the girl who thought she was a Louisiana belle...*

and all the passionate emotions and lush splendor that flows from the tumultuous best-seller by the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of 'All The King's Men'!

BAND OF ANGELS

ALSO STARRING
SIDNEY POITIER
as Rau-Ru

IN WARNERCOLOR FROM WARNER BROS.

WITH EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR. REX REASON • SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN TWIST AND IVAN GOFF & BEN ROBERTS • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER • DIRECTED BY RAOUL WALSH

her front tooth and had also been ill in the hospital. "My year for bad luck," she said—and then turned a smiling face toward the other guests.

Tyrone Power brought the Japanese beauty, **Miiko Taka,** who stars with **Marlon Brando** in *Sayonara,* to Frankie's party. So nice to see Ty, who has been away from Hollywood for over two years appearing on the stage and making movies in England and in Mexico. Ty was just south of the border, by the way, finishing up *The Sun Also Rises* with **Ava Gardner**—Frank's ex, you may recall.

Among the other guests enjoying the Italian food were Cole Porter—he had just arrived in town that morning; the William Goetzes, Sam Goldwyns, Buddy Adlers, Mike Romanoffs, **Betty Furness, Clifton Webb,** Jean Negulescos, Sammy Cahns.

P.S. I noticed the menu featured *Sinatra Steak*—fixed just the way Frankie likes it, with pepper-pods and green peppers.

IT'S MY PRIVATE OPINION: Ava Gardner's romance with **Walter Chiari,** the Italian actor, is cooling even though they made up a short quarrel long enough for him to accompany her to visit her family in North Carolina.

While she was making *The Sun Also Rises* in Mexico City, Ava said to a confidante, "I'm no longer in love with Walter—but, well, there's no one else." I'm not too sure about *that,* either. Me-thinks the lady is quite smitten with a well-known writer, a most sophisticated man whose marriage is said to be on the rocks but not officially ended in divorce.

Chiari now seems to be more of a pal to this lonely woman. Yes, Ava *is* lonely, despite all her fame and fortune—and beauty. After a short visit to Hollywood on a "visitor's permit"—ironic, isn't it, that this girl who was born in this country now is a citizen of Spain and has to visit her native land on a *permit*—she hurried to New York, and to her family.

As usual, she dodged the press. Her only personal comment was, "I'll never marry again. No other man is going to ruin my life."



Here Walter Chiari, attentive and charming as ever, is lighting Ava Gardner's cigarette. But things seemed to have changed between Walter and Ava. Once their love flamed as brightly as the flame in his lighter. Now it looks like it's over—they're "just friends."

I've never felt particularly close to Ava and yet I can't help feeling sorry about the way she seems to have mixed up her life.

TERRY MOORE FILED SUIT and Eugene McGrath was just as surprised as the rest of the world at her sensational and unexpected charges against him, naming four women. Later he told me—"Terry and I weren't even separated when she dropped this bombshell."

But I knew first hand of McGrath's surprise because I had run into him in Las Vegas the day before Terry's story broke in the papers. I was walking into the SANDS HOTEL, where I was stopping, just as a tall and handsome man was walking out. He stopped me.

"I'm Eugene McGrath, Miss Parsons," he introduced himself. "I've always wanted to meet you."

I thanked him and asked, "How is Terry?"

He smiled and said, "Oh, she's just fine." We chatted a moment and if there were any immediate worries in the life of this wealthy young business man, he didn't show it. I'm sure he knew nothing then of Terry's plans.

I tried to contact Terry, but she had entered a hospital. That's how unnerved she was by her drastic action.

But I did talk with McGrath again. I knew he had talked several times with Terry at the hospital because he was served with her divorce papers there—on his *first* visit!

"Are you and Terry going to reconcile?"

He spoke very seriously as he replied, "That is in the lap of the gods. Terry is big enough to admit now that she was misinformed. I have filed a legal denial of all of her charges of misconduct. As for gambling, I can prove on my income tax reports that I have lost only $5,000 in five years, certainly not an amount to endanger our marriage in my income bracket.

"It isn't easy to take to be clobbered over the front pages of newspapers all over the world. But Terry and I will talk again. Don't be hard on her. She's very upset and she needs her good friends—like you."

By the time you read this you will know what happened.

TEMPERAMENTAL HEDY: Hedy Lamarr should be told that the good old days when movie stars were temperamental and showed up late on the set and made it difficult for everyone—are gone forever.

Instead of being prompt and charming, as Hedy very well can be if she wished, she was so difficult that everyone heaved a sigh of relief when *The Female Animal* was completed.

Hedy is still an attractive woman; in fact, even better looking than when she was younger. But beauty isn't enough these days of movie making. She was so difficult she made very few friends. In comparison, **Jane Powell** and **Jan Sterling** were angels.

JACK LEMMON SAID IT—at least, he's quoted as remarking to **Cliff Robertson** after Cliff told him that he is marrying Jack's ex, Cynthia Stone Lemmon, sounds a little conceited to me.

Jack is supposed to have said, when he learned that his former wife has found a new love, "Cynthia always had good taste in men!" Now, really! *(Continued on page 12)*



Now! Wash away "new perm" frizz and odor!

NEW! Quick! The prettiest wave in the world leaves your hair instantly shampoo-fresh!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work!

New! The only wave you dare wash at once!
Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

So quick! Wave and wash with ½ the work!
Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!



2 new-style waves for the price of 1
Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped. Use ½—Save ½.
$2.00 plus tax. 1 wave size, $1.25 plus tax.

© 1957 Lambert-Hudnut Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.



Advertising agents are competing for the right to use the bed and mattress slogan: Marilyn Slept Here. But she won't give her endorsement.

I know I speak for all Debbie's fans when I tell her that while we love her as a wife and mother, we urge her not to neglect her movie career.



THE LAUGH OF THE MONTH: Ever since **Marilyn Monroe** gave her now-famous interview about "a big comfortable bed being the most important thing that has come with fame and riches"—every bed and mattress manufacturer in the United States has been hounding her to endorse their product!

I'm sure Marilyn didn't realize the commotion she would stir up by this comment.

It occurred during an interview with a New York reporter who had asked MM what she would miss most in life if she was suddenly poor again.

Said Marilyn, in effect—"It wouldn't be diamonds, because I don't care for jewelry. Or furs or clothes or automobiles—what I'd miss most would be a great, big, comfortable bed. When I was poor I always had to sleep with a female relative or in a bed too small and uncomfortable."

Now the poor gal can't stick her nose out the door that some advertising agent doesn't beg her to say, for publication, that it's his company who makes the bed she prefers!

OPEN LETTER TO DEBBIE: My little friend, I think the time has come when you'd better start minding the store. I mean, start thinking about your own career again.

I might not have felt this so strongly if it weren't for the news that an absolute newcomer, a little fifteen-year-old model-actress from New York named Carol Lynley, has been signed by MGM to star in *The Reluctant Debutante*, a London stage hit which was purchased more than a year ago to star YOU.

There was no announcement from the studio about why this switch had been made. If I hadn't remembered running a lead story in my column that *Reluctant Debutante* had been bought especially for you, to set off your particular talents, I'd never have known from MGM that you have been replaced by a virtual novice.

My point is this—recently, it has seemed that you are really more interested in Eddie Fisher's career than in your own. You love him very deeply and heaven knows I'm not knocking that. I thoroughly approve of married movie people being together as much as possible. And it can be done without one sacrificing too much to the other.

It seems to me that **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** work out this problem very well. They make every effort to be together as much as they can and they solve this by juggling their assignments so Audrey is free when Mel is working and he tries to be between pictures when she is working. In this way they can accompany each other on location jaunts, one vacationing while the other keeps the career banner flying.

Think it over, Debbie. You could use a top picture right now—and you aren't likely to get it staying away from Hollywood these long stretches at a time.

THEY WANT A BOY: Pretty Shirley (Mrs. Pat) Boone makes no bones about using every superstitious hocus-pocus she knows to insure that she and **Pat Boone** have a boy in March.

"All my maternity clothes will be in shades of blue from light to dark. Even my shoes will be blue. And my lingerie," she laughed. "With three little girls, three, two and one, Pat and I are just sure we'll have a boy this time. We've picked out the name Michel—and we'll refer to the expected new member of the family as *Mike*—until proven otherwise."

To help the good work along, Shirley and Pat, I'll keep my fingers crossed that you get your wish! *(Continued on page 14)*

She is eager • young • sensual • luminous • arrogant • vain • shimmering • drifting • unbridled • passionate • impudent!



She is icy • bewitched • defiant • glistening • childlike • brazen • exultant • vulgar • tender • cruel!



She is animal • wistful • impulsive • piquant • blessed • damned • loved • hated • adored...

She is...in two unforgettable words... *Jeanne Eagels*



KIM NOVAK
JEFF CHANDLER IN GEORGE SIDNEY'S *Jeanne Eagels*

co-starring AGNES MOOREHEAD with CHARLES DRAKE • LARRY GATES • VIRGINIA GREY • GENE LOCKHART

Screen Play by DANIEL FUCHS, SONYA LEVIEN and JOHN FANTE • Story by DANIEL FUCHS

Produced and Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • A COLUMBIA PICTURE



I can almost hear Mike telling Liz: "All right. We missed the plane. I'll hire one and we'll go to Paris and then to Nice." And I hear Liz's answer: "Mike, I just can't stand Paris."



And here's the happy ending. Mike tells Liz: "Okay, my darling. We won't stop over in Paris. I'll charter a plane that goes straight to Nice."



I'm so thrilled by this picture. After twenty years of married life Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are still so much in love—and appear as young—as ever. Here they are cutting their anniversary cake. Congratulations to two wonderful people.

PICTURES OF THE MONTH

These pictures I'm showing you this month really take you inside the personal lives of the stars. You see them quarreling and making up, celebrating a wedding anniversary, getting married, becoming American citizens, and going on a vacation. Just like in any town in the United States—except that this month it happened in Hollywood.



Newly-weds Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall surprised everyone by getting married earlier than expected. Only a few friends attended. It's Rex's third, Kay's first.



Gia Scala is due to become a citizen of the U. S. A. She's just taken her examination for citizenship and is so happy that she's about to kiss Ike's portrait.



America gets a new citizen and a pretty one. Ursula Thiess, German-born wife of Bob Taylor, just received her naturalization papers.



Henry Fonda and his children, Jane and Peter, are off for a European vacation. Jane is pretty enough to be in pictures and I think Peter looks a little like his Dad. The three Fondas plan to spend the summer seeing all the wonderful sights abroad.

(Continued on page 16)

The only pincurl permanent that gives you

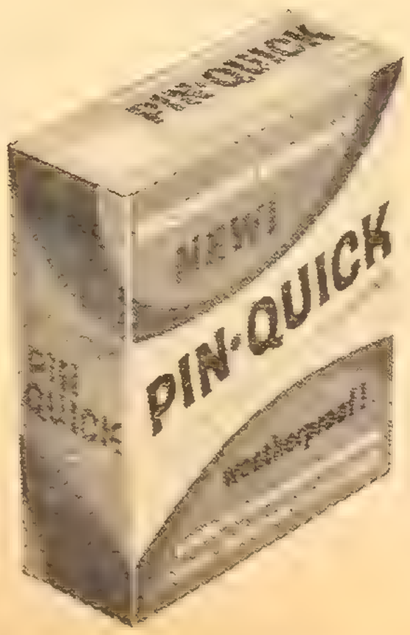
Weatherproof Curls!



You get soft, shiny curls 5 times faster!
Guaranteed to last longer than any other pincurl wave!

It's always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—and they're locked in to *last!* New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives your hair a new lasting sheen.

Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer . . . you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick. $1.75 plus tax.



New Siliconed

PIN·QUICK

by

Richard Hudnut

Richard Hudnut guarantees new Pin-Quick to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back!

©1957 Lambert-Hudnut Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

Debbie comes out



A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

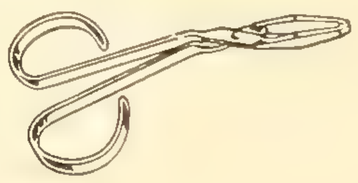
First, she darkens and silkens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.



KURLENE®
tube **50c*** jar **$1.00***
**plus tax*



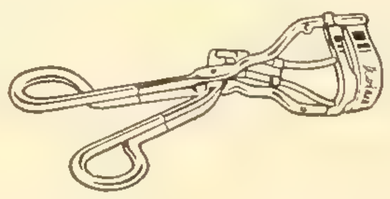
Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (New coif flatters eyes and face.)



TWISSORS® **75c**



Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses KURLASH eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes . . . new beauty to her eyes.



KURLASH® **$1.00**

See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! KURLASH products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The Kurlash® Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y.
(Also available in Canada)



Hal March designed a beautiful piece of jewelry for Candy. They recently had a son, Peter Lindsey.

A SENTIMENTAL FATHER is **Hal March** *(\$64,000 Question)*, who turns movie star in *Hear This Good* at PARAMOUNT. The day I visited the set he was proudly showing a piece of jewelry he had designed for wife Candy.

It's a gold likeness of Candy holding the baby in her arms, circled by clusters of fresh-water pearls. Inscribed on the back is *"Darling, we love you and thank you. Peter Lindsey and Daddy."*

THE LETTER BOX: *"Will you give me one good reason why such lucky and rich people as* **Ava Gardner, Frank Sinatra, Danny Kaye,** *and even such newcomers as* **Joanne Woodward** *seem to think they must undergo psychiatric treatment?"* snaps WILMA WILLIAMS, Oklahoma. For the same reasons that rich and lucky bankers, bakers and candlestick makers need psychiatric help, Wilma. Emotional ills have nothing to do with luck or wealth . . .

From El Paso, VIVIAN WEAR says: *"I want to get my two cents in about the* **Debbie-Eddie** *situation. As appealing as they are as a team, I think it would be to the benefit of both if they would separate their publicity for awhile. After all, they are individuals with separate talents and should not be thought of as a sort of married* **Martin and Lewis.**" You may have a point there, girl . . .

SHARON JOHNSON scolds me and MODERN SCREEN for not printing more about **Dorothy Malone.** *"We in St. Louis love this girl—and she's from Texas, not Missouri. She deserves much more space than she gets, particularly since winning the Best Supporting Actress Oscar."* I wasn't at all aware that we were neglecting Dorothy, Sharon. Did you see the August issue?

BILL BYERS, New York, inquires: *"I wonder if* **Marlon Brando** *is aware that he has been replaced as the King of Sex by* **Yul Brynner**?" I doubt if Marlon, with his self-esteem, is at all aware of this situation, and it will take a great deal more than your inquiry to make him believe it . . .

From Detroit, DORIS WILSON rushes to the defense of **Mitzi Gaynor.** *"I was distressed to read in your department that a fan complains that Mitzi does not answer her fan mail. May I say that she has answered every letter I have ever written her, and sent me lots of pretty pictures as well."* . . .

BETTY PARSONS—no relation, but from my former favorite town of Chicago, writes: *"Hollywood producers must be crazy not to sign* **Perry Como** *for the movies. He's the GREATEST!"* Don't worry that the Relaxed Singer hasn't had movie offers. But right now he's going such great guns on TV he probably can't take the time off . . .

"This is just one guy's opinion, but I hope **Doris Day** *doesn't make any more pictures without singing,"* says DONALD TROUTMAN, Brooklyn. *"I think the sales of her records are suffering because she's better known these days as an actress rather than a singer."* You'll hear Doris sing several songs in *Pajama Game* . . .

IRMA DOOLITTLE has me stopped. *"Write me under separate cover, the real trouble between* **Ava Gardner** *and* **Frank Sinatra**,"—is *all* she wants to know. If I knew that I could write a book, my girl . . .

Had to read VERA RAMSEY's letter twice. *"I'm just crazy about your new radio show,"* she pens from Indianapolis. *"Your voice sounds like you've been coached by an expert. It's really a swell show. Keep it up!"* If you've heard me on radio in the past five years you're hearing spooks, my friend. But thanks you, anyway—maybe you mean you've heard me on a few TV broadcasts . . .

That's all for now. See you next month



KIRK DOUGLAS —GHOST!

■ They were shooting *Lust For Life* on location in Holland, and Kirk Douglas was the spittin' image of the Dutch Vincent Van Gogh—the painter all Holland, and all the world, knew and loved.

The director called an hour break. It was a hot day and Kirk decided he'd take advantage of the time to catch a cold beer.

When Kirk left the studio, he didn't bother to change his costume. Although he was attired as Van Gogh—complete with artist's smock, beard, and funny looking hat—nobody paid any special attention to him. In Holland, quaintly dressed Bohemian artists are a common sight.

That is, nobody paid any attention to him until Kirk seated himself in a little cafe. The waitress took one look at him and fled, screaming, into the kitchen!

Then an English-speaking patron explained, "She thinks you're dead."

"I'm *what*—!" exclaimed Kirk.

"Dead. See that picture? That's you, she says, but *you* died in 1890!"

Kirk turned around and there, sure enough, hanging on the wall was a reprint of a self-portrait by Van Gogh. The resemblance to Kirk—or Kirk's resemblance to Van Gogh—was so striking, it was easy to see why the waitress had been so petrified. Van Gogh's ghost!

Kirk burst out laughing, and then explained that he wasn't really the ghost of Van Gogh, just an American actor playing him in a movie. Also, would the waitress *please* get him his beer?

Rather suspiciously the waitress served Kirk—gin! "She says," translated Kirk's cafe acquaintance, "that Van Gogh never drank beer, only gin."

"But I'm *not* Van Gogh," said Kirk.

"She's not so sure," the man grinned.

"Isn't there some way to convince her?"

"Say *afrekenen*."

"What's that mean?" asked Kirk.

"Never mind, just say it."

So Kirk said *afrekenen*. The waitress looked aghast, then sighed relief.

"*Afrekenen* means *how much do I owe you?*" the man said. "And everybody in Holland remembers that Van Gogh, like all poor artists, never paid for a drink in his life!"

Kirk finally got his beer!

Kirk's currently in MGM's Lust For Life *and Paramount's* Gunfight At The O.K. Corral. *Watch for him soon in U.A.'s* The Vikings *and* Paths Of Glory.



JEANNE CRAIN LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries — it beautifies

thick and creamy . . .
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!

of course, it leaves hair more manageable!



Cream or Lotion

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVORITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS

Washed with another leading shampoo!

Washed with "curl-keeping" NEW WOODBURY!

Unretouched photo of Charlene Veth, Jackson Heights, N. Y. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Charlene's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.



Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient holds waves best! Protects hair from drying out — leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER



Kim has always loved animals—but why she won't even swat a fly is a fantastic story!

KIM NOVAK and the wounded fly

■ To this day, Kim Novak won't swat a fly!

Now it isn't because she's crazy about animals and things—which she is. In fact, when she was a child her big ambition was to be a vet.

But why Kim won't swat flies is because there was once this fly . . .

She doesn't remember where she found it. Probably in the streets. But there it was, crawling along the ground. It was an ordinary house fly, without any particularly outstanding feature to recommend it. Except that it was wounded.

Its wings were damaged in some way. It couldn't fly, and a non-flying fly was just the thing to arouse Kim's sympathies.

She brought it home. Her house had always been a depot for lost, strayed or neglected animals. Kim had even hand-lettered a sign, *Bring Strays Here*, which for several years decorated one of the front windows, despite her mother's protests.

So the wounded fly became part of the Novak household. She built him a cozy home in a bottle. She stocked the bottle with twigs and leaves for the grounded fly to crawl on, and fed it on sugar and little scraps of food.

It got to be a real pet—or as much of a pet as a fly can ever be. It would crawl on her arm and she'd take it to school in its bottle and let it crawl on her arm to the amusement of some of her classmates, the disgust of others, and the amazement of all.

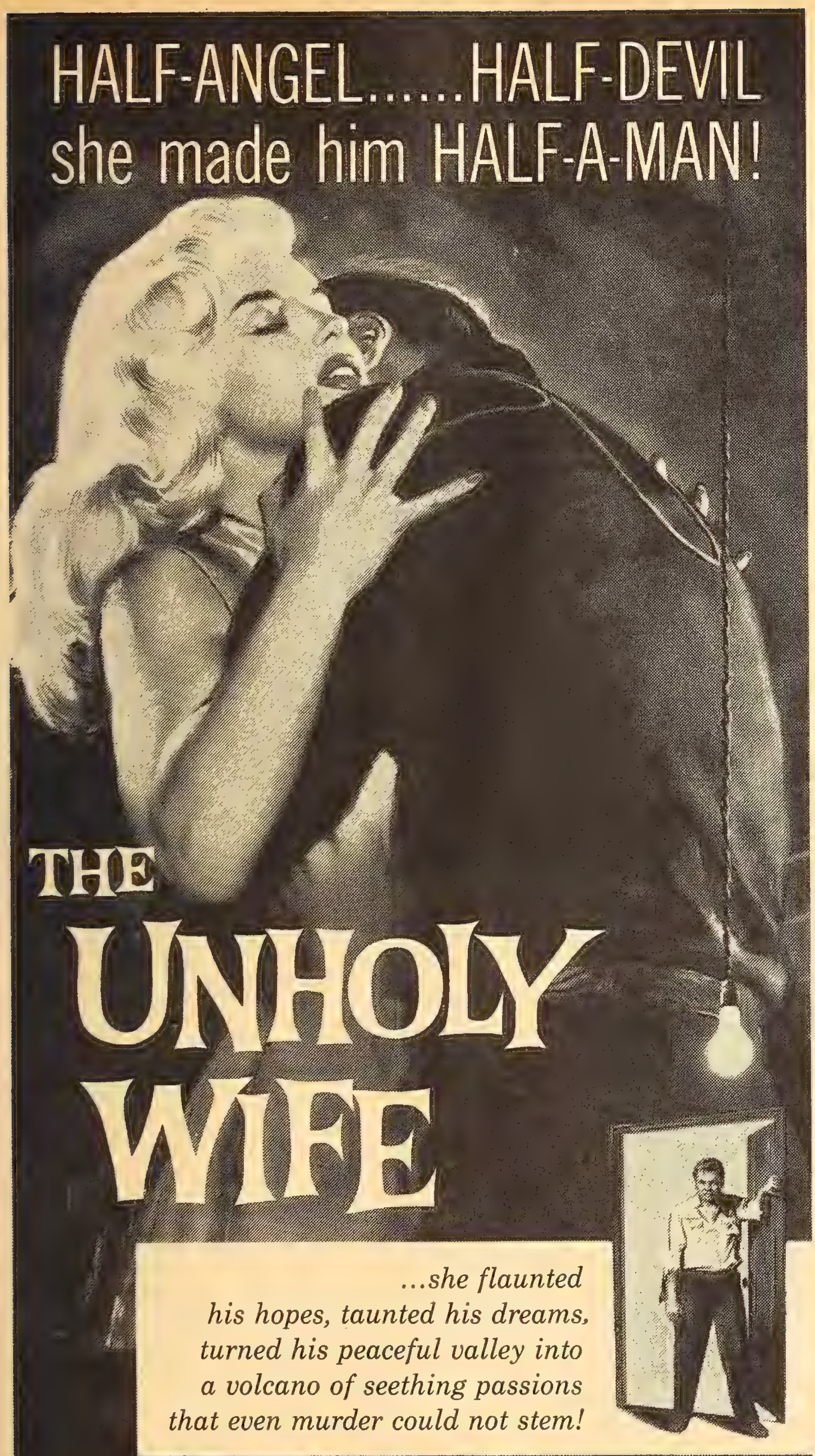
She never named him because "I never named any of my pets," she says. "I don't know why, but that never seemed important to me. He was always *The Fly*, just as the black cat was *The Black Cat* and the brown dog was *The Brown Dog*."

She kept the wounded fly for three or four months, as she remembers it. Then, one morning, she went down to give it some sugar for breakfast and it was dead. She buried it, over by the railroad tracks, and she thinks she shed a tear or two.

And she still won't swat a fly.

Watch for Kim in Columbia's Jeanne Eagels *and* Pal Joey.

HALF-ANGEL.....HALF-DEVIL
she made him HALF-A-MAN!



THE UNHOLY WIFE

...she flaunted his hopes, taunted his dreams, turned his peaceful valley into a volcano of seething passions that even murder could not stem!

TECHNICOLOR®

starring
DIANA DORS · ROD STEIGER
Co-Starring
TOM TRYON . BEULAH BONDI with MARIE WINDSOR • ARTHUR FRANZ

SCREENPLAY BY JONATHAN LATIMER • PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW

RKO RADIO

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

SEE IT SOON...FOR AN EXCITING NIGHT OUT AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

inside story

(*continued from page 4*)

Q Is it true that **Harry Belafonte** and **Yul Brynner** make up biographies about themselves?

—K.T., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A *They have on occasion.*

Q Who receives more fan mail, **Sal Mineo** or **Bob Wagner?**

—F.F., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A *At this writing—Mineo.*

Q Is it true that **Gregory Peck's** wife Veronique Passani will have practically nothing to do with friends who knew her in Europe in the old days?

—K.F., NYC

A *That's what the old friends say.*

Q I heard **Robert Mitchum** worked on a chain gang. Is that true?

—B.Y., DURHAM, N.C.

A *He says he did, many years ago.*

Q The WORLD ALMANAC lists **Sophia Loren** as having been born in 1922—is she really thirty-five years old?

—T.R., MADISON, WIS.

A *Sophia is not thirty-five; she's in her early twenties.*

Q Is it true that **Red Skelton** smokes twenty cigars a day?

—N.R., VINCENNES, IND.

A *Skelton chews cigars, never smokes.*

Q How much does Universal get every time it loans out **Rock Hudson**?

—E.L., BANGOR, ME.

A $200,000.

Q Didn't **Ginger Rogers** bounce **de Bergerac** because she's got Walter Troutman of Atlanta on the string?

—M.Y., NEWARK, N.J.

A *No; the age differential proved too great.*

Q Is it true that **Tab Hunter** will go out on the road with an ice show?

—K.R., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A *Plans are for him to appear late this winter in such a show.*

Q How old is **Ava Gardner**? Can she have any children?

—J.R., RALEIGH, N.C.

A *Ava is thirty-six; can have children.*

Q Isn't **Audrey Hepburn** responsible for **Mel Ferrer's** success as an actor? Why does the press dislike him?

—F.L., URBANA, ILL.

A. *Ferrer has always had a European following. Newsmen at one time felt he was over-protective where Audrey was concerned, but no longer think so.*

Q Will **Natalie Wood** marry **Liz Taylor's** ex, Nicky Hilton? Does Hilton do anything for a living? Why do they call him a playboy?

—F.L., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A: *Natalie says she and Nicky are "friends." Hilton works for his father.*

Q Isn't **Debbie Reynolds** pregnant again?

—R.P., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. *Debbie and Eddie want a large family but as of this writing, she is not pregnant.*

Q Is **Burt Lancaster** considered a greater lover than **Michael Rennie**?

—F.L., PARIS, KY.

A. *Lancaster is a respectable married*

—T.R., MAD'SON, WIS.

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
The Three Faces Of Eve
A Face In The Crowd
Sweet Smell Of Success
Island In The Sun
Jeanne Eagels

FOR LOVE
Interlude

FOR MUSIC
Loving You

FOR SUSPENSE
House Of Numbers
Decision Against Time
3:10 To Yuma

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Psychiatrist Lee J. Cobb is amazed to see drab Eve White change to a gaudy brash woman who calls herself Eve Black. When a third personality emerges, Cobb realizes he's got an unusual case. Based on actual fact, the film stars Joanne Woodward as all three personalities.

THE THREE FACES OF EVE

Joanne Woodward
Lee J. Cobb
David Wayne
Terry Ann Ross
Edwin Jerome

psychological drama

▪ This is the true story of a woman who had three different personalities. It is based almost entirely on an actual case history recorded by two psychiatrists in Georgia. The result is a fascinating movie that doesn't have to depend on tricks or loud music for effect. Joanne Woodward plays Eve White, a drab southern housewife who comes to doctor Lee J. Cobb's office with her well-meaning but dense husband David Wayne. She complains of violent headaches followed by blackouts and loss of memory. There, in the doctor's presence, one personality is eclipsed by another. Eve White becomes Eve Black, a brash, gaudy extrovert who lives to flirt and have fun. Eve Black knows that Eve White is married, and pities her and her little daughter; she also hates her. Baffled, Cobb takes her as a patient. When her dual personality gets out of hand, she tries to strangle her daughter and she is confined to a hospital. Gradually, a third personality called Jane emerges. Jane is a healthy, vital individual who develops at the expense of the other two—and wins a victory over them. How she wins, the struggle itself and the brilliant acting of Joanne Woodward are things to see!—20TH-FOX.

A FACE IN THE CROWD

Andy Griffith
Patricia Neal
Anthony Franciosa
Lee Remick
Walter Matthau

an idol's rise and fall

▪ Directed by Elia Kazan, this movie of the making and breaking of a TV idol is rich in satire, and absolutely pulverizes the hard and soft sellers of TV commercials. Pat Neal has been emceeing a morning radio program at her uncle's small station out west. One morning she goes to the local jail for local color and finds a sloppy, cantankerous vagrant named Andy Griffith, to whom she guarantees freedom for a song—he accompanies himself on a guitar. That's the beginning. Pretty soon his hillbilly accent, his disrespect for authority and sponsors, his ingratiating TV manner snowball him to fame. His audience is in the millions, his power is unchallenged and he moves into politics rudely jockeying a staid Senator into Presidential position. Naturally, off TV Griffith is an egomaniac who chases women, sneers at the hands that feed him and has great contempt for his public. Pat Neal can't seem to stop loving him, though—until the day she is more terrified by his influence than by the loss of his company. In smaller parts, Walter Matthau, Anthony Franciosa and Lee Remick are fine, but everyone is overshadowed by Griffith. The movie suffers by this, but it's a small complaint.—WARNERS.

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

Burt Lancaster
Tony Curtis
Marty Milner
Susan Harrison
Emile Meyer

sordid side of publicity

▪ "Here's mud in your gossip column," says hat-check girl Barbara Nichols to columnist David White, under circumstances that I would blush to mention. How mud is mixed, carried and smeared through gossip columns is the main line of this movie, which plays up the personalities of two stupendous heels—Burt Lancaster, a powerful and sadistic N.Y. columnist, and Tony Curtis, a weasel of a Broadway press agent who would sell his mother for a "mention." As it is, he works feverishly to destroy the reputation of idealistic and talented guitarist Marty Milner, who has the bad luck to be in love with Lancaster's pretty (*Continued on page 22*)



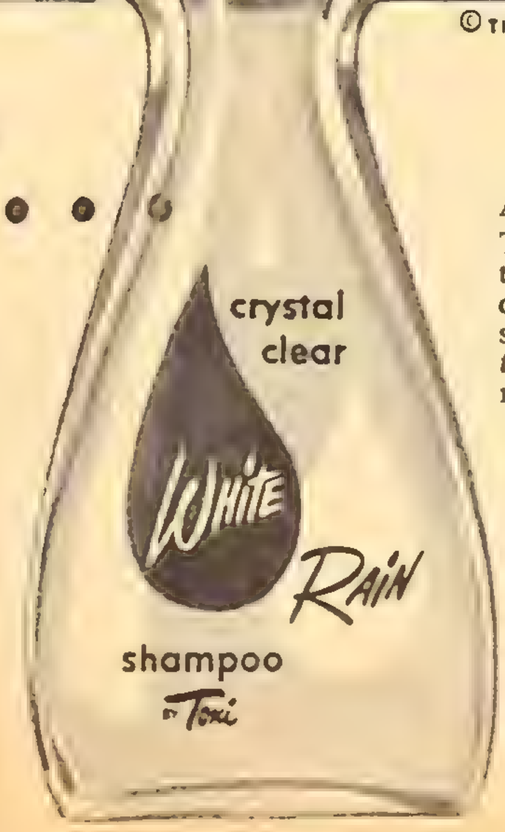
© THE GILLETTE COMPANY

It's crystal-clear . . .

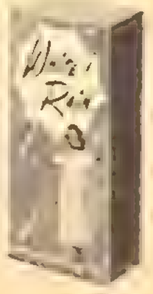
the first and only crystal-clear liquid shampoo!

The difference is *clear!* It's new, pure, that's why it rinses twice as clean as any other leading shampoo. No thick, hard-to-rinse oils. No artificial color. Nothing but rich, crystal-clear WHITE RAIN . . . shining with a thousand sparkling bubbles . . . to leave your hair gloriously clean . . . freshly laced with sunshine. Try it tonight!

NEW! CRYSTAL-CLEAR *White Rain* LIQUID SHAMPOO



Also available—
The *original* lotion shampoo . . . creamy-rich and so gentle. *Three times milder* than most shampoos.



 (Continued from page 20)



A FACE IN THE CROWD



SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS



ISLAND IN THE SUN

little sister, Susan Harrison. Susan is pure and sweet, and her possessive brother Burt reduces her to gelatin at will. Curtis does Lancaster's dirty work: he plants a blind item that Marty is a Red and a narcotics addict; he plants marijuana in Marty's pocket and calls upon greasy cop Emile Meyer to arrest him. All this on the promise of taking over Burt's column while he's on vacation. Here's the world of double-cross, cynical amorality, crowded night-spots and celebrity-making. It's very naughty.—UNITED ARTISTS.

ISLAND IN THE SUN

Harry Belafonte
Joan Fontaine
Dorothy Dandridge
James Mason
Joan Collins
Patricia Owens
Michael Rennie
John Justin

racial conflict and love

▪ The setting is a beautiful island in the British West Indies; the theme is color. James Mason and Joan Collins are children of a respected old family. Harry Belafonte and Dorothy Dandridge are children of the people who are waking up to their rights to equality and self-rule. Belafonte is their aggressive, passionate leader. James Mason strides through the film like an angry lord until he discovers that he's not completely white himself. This is only part of his problem; the other part is his insane jealousy of wife Patricia Owens, which leads him to murder Michael Rennie. Joan Collins is engaged to young nobleman Stephen Boyd, but discovery of *her* mixed blood throws her into tremendous conflict. Dorothy Dandridge rather level-headedly takes up with pure white John Justin, and Belafonte forms a pained alliance with Joan Fontaine. The complicated plots and politics unfold against beautiful scenery, and Harry even sings a couple of enchanting songs. And the question of inter-racial love, although it is treated slickly, is out in the open, which is saying a lot for the movie.—CinemaScope, 20TH-FOX.

LOVING YOU

Elvis Presley
Lizabeth Scott
Wendell Corey
Dolores Hart
James Gleason

Elvis!

▪ It's Elvis, girls. Need I say more? Ambitious press agent Liz Scott finds him working a beer route in the farm country. He's an orphan boy. She's the ex-wife of Wendell Corey, who's struggling to go places with a cowboy band and vocalist Dolores Hart. Liz signs up Elvis, who has this chaotic effect on teenagers the very first time he breaks a guitar string singing. In a couple of months he's headlining the show. The only problem is to keep him happy. He doesn't want fame, fortune, crazy publicity; he wants to be down on the farm with friends. *I'll be your friend,* says Liz, sealing the pledge with a kiss—she's already sealed a fifty-fifty deal on his career. Comes the time when all the mothers of Freegate, Texas, march on the mayor's office in protest against Elvis. Elvis runs out on a big TV broadcast because 1) he doesn't want mothers to hate him 2) he finds out that Liz isn't sincere 3) he wants to be down on the farm. What's he going to do? What's Liz going to do? What is Dolores Hart, who came up from the farm to see Elvis, going to do? I'll tell you what Elvis does: he sings a lot of songs in his inimitable way and works his magic.—VistaVision, PARAMOUNT.

INTERLUDE

June Allyson
Rossano Brazzi
Keith Andes
Marianne Cook
Francoise Rosay

romance abroad

▪ Take June Allyson, an American girl with the glow of apple pie in her eyes, who turns up in Munich seeking fulfillment. Take Rossano Brazzi, a famous conductor with the fever of despair on his brow: his wife, Marianne Cook, has made it tough for him by losing her mind. Put them both together and you have *Interlude,* a romance destined to lead nowhere. But, oh, the adventure and the poignancy of it all. Allyson standing in the wings as Brazzi twirls a baton; Allyson and Brazzi zipping over Germany in a red sports car; Allyson and Brazzi breaking open a picnic basket on the grass; Allyson and Brazzi caught in a thunderstorm. Oh, oh! Allyson and Brazzi spending the night together. You think he proposes? Well, he'd like to propose, but he's got this wife cutting up like crazy on her aunt's estate. A wise young American doctor, Keith Andes, waits patiently by to pick up the pieces of Allyson. After what *she* did, it's a mercy anyone as fine and true as Keith can love her. CinemaScope.—UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.

HOUSE OF NUMBERS

Jack Palance
Barbara Lang
Harold Stone

over the prison wall

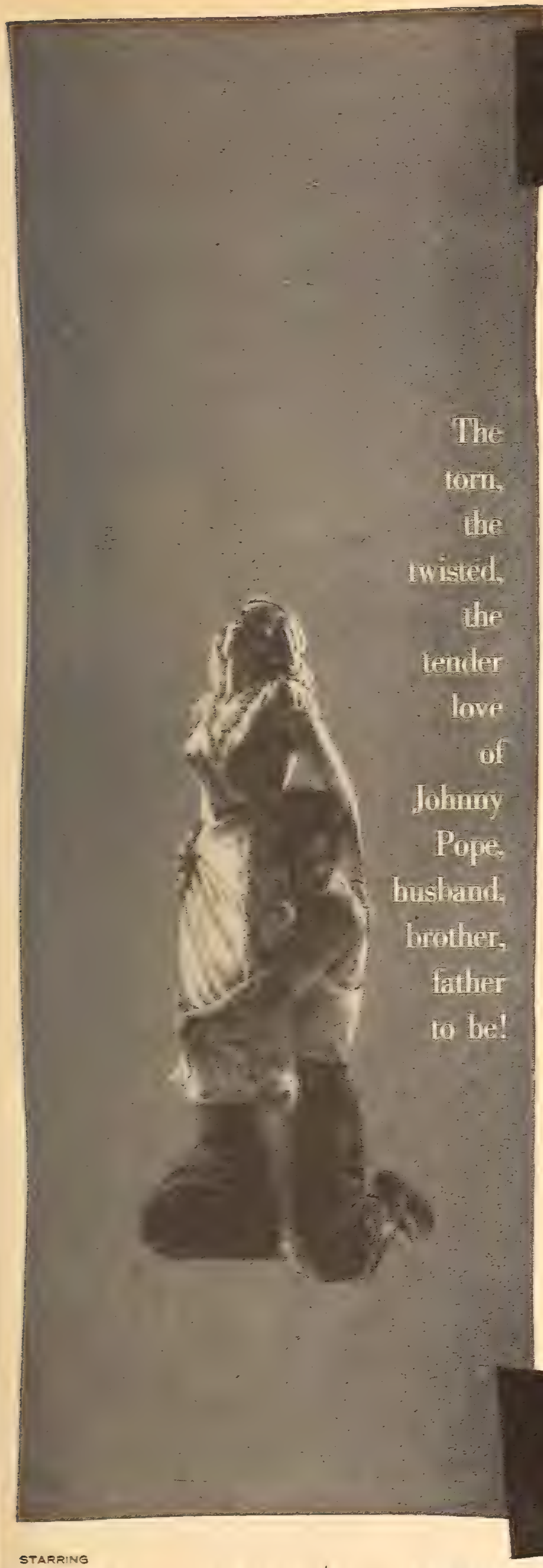
▪ Jack Palance has a kid brother, also played by Jack Palance, who is serving time for murder. Kid brother makes things worse by tossing a prison guard over a rail to a concrete floor three tiers down. But big brother Jack is loyal to the kid, and with the help of the kid's wife, gorgeous Barbara Lang, who Jack thinks is responsible for it all, plans a most ingenious scheme to save the kid from justice. He and Barbara rent a house in view of the prison and study its operations through binoculars, until one dark night when Jack slips over the prison wall to take his brother's place. Brother, meanwhile, digs himself a hole to hide in until escape is effected. It's tense and unusual entertainment.—MGM.

JEANNE EAGELS

Kim Novak
Jeff Chandler
Charles Drake
Agnes Moorehead
Virginia Grey

beautiful, but damned

▪ Jeanne Eagels (Kim Novak) was a famous actress in the 'twenties, but don't rely too heavily on this film for biographical accuracy. This film, as it says in the cast sheet, is based on fact and fiction. But anyway, Kim starts climbing in a traveling circus owned by Jeff Chandler, who is later to become the czar of Coney Island. He keeps saying *let's get married and have kids,* and a glazed tortured look comes into her eyes. *Later,* she says. Meanwhile she takes herself to drama coach Agnes Moorehead; steals a role from ex-star Virginia Grey, who is trying desperately for a comeback, and reaches the heights in *Rain.* Then she marries hard-drinking ex-football star Charles Drake, whom she divorces after a five-year drinking bout in New York and Hollywood. Chandler pops up now and then to try and save her, but a glazed, tortured look always comes into her eyes. Now that she's famous she's really miserable, and takes dope to hold herself together. It's a highly dramatic saga, (Continued on page 24)



20th Century-Fox presents

A HATFUL OF RAIN

CINEMASCOPE

The Motion Picture that crosses a new boundary in screen entertainment!



STARRING

Eva Marie SAINT / Don MURRAY / Anthony FRANCIOSA / Lloyd NOLAN

PRODUCED BY BUDDY ADLER / DIRECTED BY FRED ZINNEMANN / SCREENPLAY BY MICHAEL VINCENTE GAZZO and ALFRED HAYES

Based on the Play by Michael Vincente Gazzo • As Produced on the Broadway Stage by Jay Julien

movie previews (*Continued from page 22*)

all right, and Kim Novak's all right, but the movie won't cheer you up on a rainy Sunday.—COLUMBIA.

DECISION AGAINST TIME

Jack Hawkins
Elizabeth Sellars
Jeremy Bodkin
Gerard Lohan
Walter Fitzgerald

crash landing

▪ Jack Hawkins, a reserved and extremely sensitive Englishman, is test-pilot for a shoestring aircraft company whose very existence depends on the sale of a certain cargo plane. Jack takes the prospective buyers on a test flight and a wing catches fire. Everybody bails out but Jack. He's told to bail out, but it occurs to him that he can bring the plane down. Even if he can't, even if he himself goes up in flames, he knows he must try. He spends twenty-five gruelling minutes in the air. Down on the ground and unaware of his danger is his wife Elizabeth Sellars. She's depressed because Jack is discouraged about his future, and the fact that he can't afford a house they want. Pitted against these trivial cares is the true heroism Hawkins displays in the crisis. It's a well-made, absorbing film.—MGM.

3:10 TO YUMA

Glenn Ford
Van Heflin
Felicia Farr
Leora Dana
Henry Jones

the measure of two men

▪ Glenn Ford's a bad man who robs a stagecoach with a gang. Van Heflin's a tired man. There hasn't been any rain and it looks like all the cattle on his Arizona ranch are going to die. It's because of money that Heflin agrees to escort Glenn Ford to the 3:10 train to Yuma—and justice. Ford has been brazenly hanging around town and is easily captured. He's never stayed captured, though, because of indifference and the fact that he's protected by a gang of gun slingers. So escorting Ford to Yuma is rather a hazardous undertaking. There is also the matter of temptation. *Let me go,* says Ford, *and I'll make you a rich man. Besides, if you don't let me go, your wife (Leora Dana) and the kids will have a corpse on their hands.* There's that, but there's also the innate nobility of Heflin. Plenty of action and suspense.—COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL (Warner Bros.) Sir Laurence Olivier, Regent of Carpathia meets American chorine Marilyn Monroe in London. He invites her to the Embassy, tries wooing her—only to have her laugh at his clumsy advances, She tells him what she expects of a Prince (soft lights, music, perfume) and love wins out. This enchanting movie also stars Dame Sybil Thorndike.

BERNARDINE (20th-Fox): It's Pat Boone's first film and he's in trouble. Terry Moore comes to town and Pat's friend, Richard Sargent, falls in love with her. Since Richard must study for exams, Pat calls in his brother, Air Force Lieutenant James Drury, to pinch-hit, but the two fall in love and Pat's accused of betrayal. Starring Janet Gaynor.

MAN ON FIRE (MGM): Bing Crosby has custody of his son and rarely lets his ex-wife (Mary Fickett) see the boy. Bing's lawyer (E. G. Marshall) and his law assistant (Inger Stevens) lose when the judge awards full custody to Mary. Crosby abuses his privileges, takes the boy to Europe. Meanwhile Inger falls in love with Bing but he doesn't notice.

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON (Allied Artists) Maurice Chevalier is a private detective. He has a daughter (Audrey Hepburn) who's always snnooping into his files. Gary Cooper is nearly shot by Chevalier' client and Audrey runs to warn him. Gary's amazed at her total recall of his past and *her* romantic history. What can come of this romance? Plenty

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I READ: ☐ all of **HOW HE PROPOSED** ☐ part ☐ none **IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE VENETIA STEVENSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE TONY PERKINS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say

I LIKE RUSS TAMBLYN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE AUDREY HEPBURN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE TONY CURTIS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE JOHN SAXON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE AUDIE MURPHY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ All of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JANE WYMAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE DEAN STOCKWELL:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE JUNE ALLYSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE TERRY MOORE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ
☐ all of **Louella Parsons in Hollywood**
☐ part ☐ none

16. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)_____ MALE
(2)_____ MALE
(3)_____ MALE

(1)_____ FEMALE
(2)_____ FEMALE
(3)_____ FEMALE

AGE.....NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN POLL PRIZE WINNERS FOR JUNE

Gerry Fitzgerald, Queens Village, New York; Florence McGill, North Hollywood, California; Sally Roberts, Pasadena, Texas; Josephine Burley, Azusa, California; Sally Noyes, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Melodie Yoell, Corte Madera, California; Pat De Angelis, Revere, Mass.; Margery Snyder, Beaver, Pa.; Carmen G. Hudson, Fort Worth, Texas; Raymond Crecron, Thetford-Mines, Quebec, Canada.

HOW MANY FEATHERS ON THE TURKEY?



Most anybody can add, but can you add correctly? The reason people like number puzzles is because they are fascinating. Fun right in your own home, and CASH REWARDS for the WINNERS.

$6360.00 IN CASH PRIZES

(NOW ON DEPOSIT)

FIRST PRIZE $2,000 including $500 bonus for promptness (see rule 2)

Second Prize	**$1000.00**	**9th to 13th Prize, each**	**$100.00**
Third Prize	**$500.00**	**14th to 18th Prize, each**	**$50.00**
Fourth Prize	**$350.00**	**19th to 44th Prize, each**	**$25.00**
5th to 8th Prize, each	**$200.00**	**45th to 75th Prize, each**	**$10.00**

—HERE ARE THE CONTEST RULES—

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Turkey and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single digits: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9. There are no sixes, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "23", etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc., and get the SUM TOTAL. In real life of course a Turkey has no feathers on the beak, legs and feet but for the purposes of this puzzle all of the figures in the drawing should be added. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these Cash Prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. **Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to 'SCHOLARSHIPS, INC.' Send cash if you prefer. Write us for additional puzzle sheets if you need them.**

2. First prize is $1,500. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus, making the total First Prize $2000. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the first prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. **Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn.** A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly.

4. This contest is confined to persons living in the United States, its territories and possessions including Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, Guam, Canal Zone, Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc., their advertising agency and members of their immediate families are ineligible.

5. Entries will be accepted from July 1 to October 10, 1957. Entries postmarked October 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties on this Turkey Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's position in the winning list will be determined by the best scores submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and their final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven days will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to receive help from their relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION may be submitted to the tiebreaker puzzle by any group working together, and any solution known to have been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected.

8. A complete report of this contest including the names of all winners will be mailed to every contestant just as soon as the winners have been decided. The sponsors of this contest reserve the right to decide any questions that may arise during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

C. L. KITTLE, Manager

Here is a contest soon over and soon paid off. The rules are simple and complete. It's entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a game of skill. We print the winning answer with the name and address of the winner, in fact we send every tiebreaker contestant (winner or not) the names and scores of all 75 winners. A pencil is the only tool required and you start on an equal basis with everyone else. No pictures to identify, no statements to write. If you have never taken part in a number puzzle contest why not give it a try. Give yourself a fair chance to succeed. This may be the hobby you have been looking for. Operated by a non-profit corporation required by its charter to devote receipts in excess of prizes, advertising and legitimate operating expenses to nurses training, child welfare and other tax exempt charitable purposes.



Miss Jo Ann C. Vogel is one of 52 nurses in training at nearby hospitals under our scholarships, and writes: "I would like to take this opportunity to express my gratitude to Scholarships, Inc., for they made it possible for me to become a nurse."

Mail to SCHOLARSHIPS, INC., Box 241, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

There are_____feathers on the Turkey.

Type your name and address if possible. If not print by hand.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Donations mailed before **SEPTEMBER 10, 1957**, qualify for Promptness Bonus.

Trundle Bundle

BABY'S SAFEST SLEEPING GARMENT!

SCREEN STAR...

Jane Powell (Mrs. Patrick Nerney) and her lovely daughter, Lindsey Averill, are shown below. Jane Powell is now appearing in "The Girl Most Likely".

Better stores everywhere will feature Trundle Bundle, the original bag-type sleeping garment for babies. Five lovely fabrics . . . four models for baby from infancy through 6 years. Write for name of store nearest you.

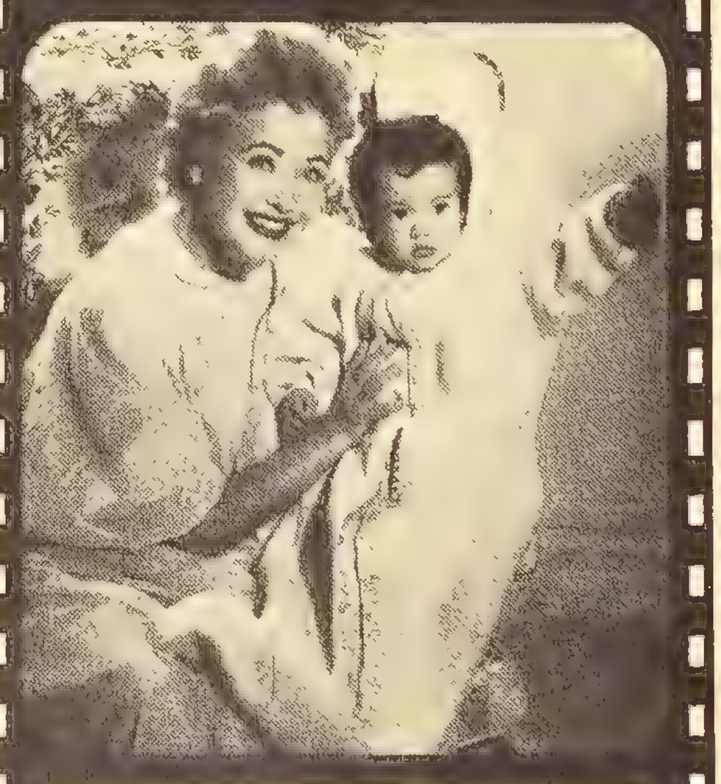
TRUNDLE BUNDLE PRODUCTS CO.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

DULUTH 2, MINNESOTA



Gown and peignoir by Vanity Fair



Trundle Bundle

BABY'S SAFEST SLEEPING GARMENT!

AVA plays for high 'steaks'



■ Did you ever eat a steak costing $216.24? No? Well, Ava Gardner did!

On arriving in Mexico last month, Ava stopped over in the capital for two days before she set out for the small colonial town of Morelia where she was going to film the last scenes of *The Sun Also Rises.*

The second night in Mexico City, director Henry King invited her for dinner at El Afro, a swank supper club. Ava asked for the speciality of the house. Told it was a kind of pepper steak, Ava—a gal who'll try anything once—immediately ordered it. "If only she hadn't!" sighed King later on.

What happened was that, once in Morelia, Ava just couldn't get the memory of that pepper steak out of her mind, that's how delicious it was. Unfortunately, none of the cooks at her Morelia estate, rented by the studio for Ava's private use, knew the recipe!

But Ava wanted pepper steak.

And when Ava wants something, she wants it—and fast! No pepper steak? No movie!

Henry King was frantic. Work was being delayed. A two-and-a-half million dollar production was being held up because of a steak!

So Henry King put through a rush call to the Mexico City restaurant.

"Look," he said, "do you remember the pepper steak Miss Gardner had at your place a couple of nights ago?"

"Of course, Señor King," replied the proud manager.

"Well, she wants another one. Can you send it out here to Morelia?"

"Of course. For what day do you want it?"

"What *day*? Now! Right away! Otherwise we can't go on with the shooting!"

"B-but," stammered the suddenly embarrassed restaurateur, "Morelia is hundreds of miles away. I'll have to pack the meat in ice, and then the car will take at least six or seven hours to get there."

"Car? What car?" spluttered Ava's director. "Send it by plane!"

"But Señor. there is no airline that flies to Morelia from Mexico City."

"Then charter a plane!"

"Yes *sir!* Naturally, somebody there knows how to prepare pepper steak?"

"No, nobody."

"Then should I send one of our chefs along? That will cost extra, but—"

"I don't care anymore *what* it costs. Just get a pepper steak over here!" shouted King.

Less than two hours later, a specially chartered DC-3 landed at a small Morelia airfield. Even before the propellers had stopped turning, the chef with his precious cargo of pepper steak was rushed to her house. Moments later, Ava's dinner was ready and she consented to continue filming. Here's the breakdown on this little caper:

One pepper steak:	25 pesos
One phone call to Mexico City:	90 pesos
To charter the plane:	2,388 pesos
The chef's salary:	200 pesos
Total:	2,703 pesos

And that comes to 216 good American dollars plus twenty-four cents!

Ava can currently be seen in MGM's The Little Hut. *Watch for her soon in 20th Century-Fox's* The Sun Also Rises.



WHO GETS TOP BILLING?

■ His name is Rick Jason and he's married to a gal who's a writer, Aria Allen.

They've just walked into a party, and if you happen to be getting an intro you might be a little startled to hear your hostess introduce them by saying, "This is Rick Jason, and Aria Allen—Rick's wife."

No *Mr. and Mrs. Rick Jason* or *Rick and Aria Jason*—not ever!

How come? "It's simple," Rick will tell you, "I just never introduce Aria as Mrs. Jason because she's Aria *Allen*—my wife. She's a writer by profession. And she's an individual; she should be introduced by *her* name. not the one she took when she married me."

People at that party might be surprised. might think it's most unusual and talk about it for days. But all of the Jasons'—oops, the Allen-Jason—friends and associates know about it and they're not surprised at all.

"We also have two telephone listings," Rick will tell you, "and two names on our mailbox. Everything works out very nicely and not too many people get confused. But the only real trouble we've ever had," and here a big frown comes to Rick's face, "is with motel registers."

And here's where top billing comes in.

When Rick and Aria travel and stay at a hotel or motel, they sign in just the way they're introduced to people—Rick Jason and Aria Allen.

Sometimes Rick gets top billing; other times Aria gets top billing. Then the hotel register looks like this—Aria Allen-Rick Jason.

They usually get surprised looks but no comment.

That is, until one day when they were driving cross-country. They signed the motel register as usual—"I had top billing that day," Rick says. "Some fuddy-duddy behind the desk gives us a peculiar look, and says, 'Sorry.'

"'Whaddya mean *Sorry*,' I ask him—we were beat!

"'You gotta be married,' he says.

"'We *are* married,' I say to him.

"'You sure?' he asks me.

"'You want a lawsuit?' I ask him, and that was that!"

Rick is currently in 20th Century-Fox's The Wayward Bus.

Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no *unnecessary* ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean.*



BREAKS THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN BARRIER!

No man can pay the price for what this woman offers!

Love that knows no boundaries...
passion that explodes a cold war
into a jet-hot battle of the sexes!

HOWARD HUGHES'

JET PILOT

Starring

JOHN WAYNE · JANET LEIGH

AND THE

U.S. AIR FORCE

with JAY C. FLIPPEN · PAUL FIX · HANS CONRIED

TECHNICOLOR®

RKO RADIO PICTURE

Released by UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL®

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG • Written and Produced by JULES FURTHMAN

a modern screen exclusive

will you marry me?

—the question that changes our lives—

On the next four pages, Modern Screen tells you what happened when this question was asked and answered by Marty and Doris, Pat and Shirley, Rory and Lita, Don and Hope, Charlton and Lydia, Vic and Pier, Guy and Sheilah, and Bill and Brenda...

→

how he proposed



CHARLTON HESTON

■ It was in college that Lydia Clarke met Chuck Heston. They were both students in the same drama class.

"I wanted to be an actress," said Lydia Clarke. "In my life, I had decided, there'd be no time for love, flirtations or the petty frivolities of young womanhood." But that didn't mean she'd never date, of course—particularly once Chuck came along. And one date resulted in another, and another and another. . .

Many times during their college years, Lydia told Chuck she intended to forget about love and marriage and dedicate the next part of her life to a career. But somehow, Chuck proposed often. Just as often, she refused.

Then the war came and Chuck joined the Army. "It was when he left my life that I realized—not how much I loved him, but how necessary loving him was to *my* happiness," Lydia says today.

It wasn't long before the letter came, the letter from a camp in Greensboro, North Carolina—a long letter full of love.

How wonderful that he loves me! she thought. *Why is it so important?* she asked herself. And then her heart answered for her—*Because you love him*, it whispered.

"I didn't wait to write a reply to Chuck," she'll tell you, "I went to the nearest telegraph office and after nearly an hour of concentrated thought, I wired him—

I HAVE DECIDED TO ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSAL.

"I remember the woman who took the wire and counted the words looked up at me with a big smile. 'You must be very happy,' she said. 'But—wouldn't you like to end I *love you*? It won't cost you any more,' she said to me, so gently. That's when I realized how stiff and unromantic my wire seemed to her. But Chuck understood."



WILLIAM HOLDEN

■ The first time Bill Holden asked Brenda Marshall marry him, they were riding in Bill's convertible unde full moon that was unreal with beauty. Well, the mo was a little too full, the night was a little too fragrant a Bill was a little too close for a girl to be sure that was the right answer.

A few days later they were splashing their way dow the length of a swimming pool under the hot sun. An Bill, between gulps of air, asked Brenda again. This tim her answer was a very watery, "I'll have to think it over

A week later, during a badminton game, Bill aske her again. She lost the game thinking about it so hard.

And so it went, month after month until finally on evening Bill said, "You know I've been asking you to marry me for nearly a year and a half."

Brenda was startled. "Oh, Bill! Has it been that long?"

He nodded his head sadly. "But I'm going to keep asking for another year. If you don't say *yes* by then, I'll give up."

"Would you really give up, Bill?"

He said he would.

She thought about that for a moment, then said—concealing a smile, "I guess I'd better say *yes* right now and save a lot of time—for both of us."

"Now," says Brenda, "every once in a while I ask Bill if he really would have given up."

He gives her a slow grin and asks, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

She *would*, too!



RORY CALHOUN

■ He first set eyes on her in 1943, and he never got over the sight. He was a logger then, and she was a night-club entertainer. He didn't even shake her hand, but the vision of her—dark-haired, white-gowned, smiling—warmed him through a hundred winter nights that followed after.

By 1947, he was in Hollywood, a movie star. He went out dancing, and he found her again, the dark one with the smile. She had her own band now. Across his date's head he studied her, and his heart sang. "This is it," he told himself, "and isn't it a wonder!"

For six weeks he haunted the club where she worked, never speaking to her. First he took different dates along every night. Finally he grew brave, and went alone. He wangled an introduction. He offered her champagne. He didn't care anything about champagne, but he'd heard it made a marvelous impression. She was impressed—not by the wine, but by Rory. "He was funny, he was sweet, he had the grayest eyes," she says, "and he showed me a new world." She'd spent her whole life in the murkiness of studios—dance studios, singing studios—and working in hot, smoky clubs. Rory took her out into the cool green woods, to watch the deer and breathe in the air's sweetness. He taught her his love for nature. And she brought him true tenderness. Faced with the story of his boyhood, his days in prison, his mixed-up beginnings, she was not shocked. She only wanted to help him put his past away and move toward his future.

1948 arrived. They'd been seeing each other steadily, yet nothing was settled between them. Lita's a shy girl, but it was Leap Year.

One night she faced Rory squarely. "Where is all this leading to?" she asked.

Rory gulped, and made his formal answer, right out of the pages of a book: "to matrimony," he said, his voice shaking.

"Good," said his love, "now ask my father."

"But I'm not marrying your father!"

"But it's an old Spanish custom."

So Rory asked her father for Lita's hand in marriage. How did Rory propose? Guess you might say Rory proposed to Lita's pop!



PAT BOONE

■ It was one of those puppy-love affairs—two kids meeting in high school. That's what everybody thought, even the other high school kids; no one thought Pat Boone and Shirley Foley would last, except Pat and Shirley! When he twisted his knee playing basketball, it was she who cried. When he was named Nashville's *Discovery of the Year*, it was straight to Shirley he ran, and hugged her right out in front of all those people. They went steady for ten months before he ever kissed her, yet that one kiss told them all they needed to know.

Of marriage they spoke first to each other, then to their families. The families were sweet, but amused. Shirley's father, the famous country singer Red Foley, put into words what everybody else was thinking, "There are years ahead, years and years. You talk like there's no tomorrow." Pat's mother, equally fearful about young love, said her son might have her consent, but "in due time."

Pat and Shirley turned seventeen, and finished high school. Shirley started studying to be a nurse. Pat went to college, and his popularity as a singer grew. He had a radio show; he'd been invited to New York. Afraid of being separated, Pat and Shirley went to their parents again. This time the older people asked the kids to stop seeing each other. "They thought we'd grow out of love, and forget—"

But of course they couldn't forget each other. So they met in secret, miserable about sneaking around but unable to stay apart. One night she met him in an ice cream parlor "in a part of town where not too many people knew us," Pat explains. Shirley was crying. "My Daddy's got an offer to take a singing job in Springfield, Missouri," she sobbed. "We're moving, and I'll never see you again, Pat, I'll never see you again."

He led her out of the ice cream parlor, into the street. He put his arms around her. "You know what we're going to do?" he said. "Tomorrow, we're getting married—we're going to elope—"

And that's just what they did.

continued on next page

how he proposed

continued



GUY MADISON

■ He'd known her about thirty minutes when he got fresh—at least it looked that way to her. She was hiccuping, and he volunteered to stop them. "A good long kiss," he said. "That'll fix 'em every time."

Sheilah gasped. "Don't you dare."

Madison was pleased as punch. "See, the hiccups are gone," he said. "You can cure them by startling a person." He thought a minute. "But I've never tried it before."

Later that night Guy told a friend that Sheilah was the girl he wanted to marry, but he didn't tell Sheilah herself for a long, long time. He was still involved in the problems of his separation from Gail Russell. It wasn't until Gail filed for divorce that Guy felt free to call Sheilah.

Guy and Sheilah began to see each other every day. He discovered she was a good horsewoman; he taught her to shoot with a bow and arrow. He never lit her engagement finger with a diamond ring, but he lit her eyes up so brightly the whole world could look at them and see a girl in love.

Then, suddenly, they were faced with separation. Guy was to go to Reno for three weeks' location on *Five Against The House*, and after that straight off to Mexico and *The Beast From Hollow Mountain*. It would be months before he and Sheilah would meet again. They were driving to the beach as he told her, and suddenly he stopped the car.

"I can't stand it," he said. "I can't be away from you all that time. We're going to have to get married." She loved the commanding way he said that. She loved the way his arms felt strong around her. "Let's go to Mexico where nobody knows me and we can be all by ourselves." He looked at her longingly. "Right away," he said.

Sheilah hugged him tightly. "I'm with you, Guy," she said. And she's still saying it.



MARTY MELCHER

■ "He was my agent," said Doris. "It seems like I've always known him." They claim a certain dining room table is their engagement ring, because they found it together and thought of buying it for a mutual home long before either mentioned matrimony. Even when he was only her agent, she depended on him for all sorts of advice. Let a fuse blow, or a field mouse appear, and she was on the phone calling for help. Often they had dinner together to talk over a thousand details about money and contracts. But whenever a columnist called to inquire, Melcher and Day denied romance. "Strictly business," they said. "Strictly, strictly business." And if, after a long business dinner, weary of facts and figures, agent and client should agree to relax at an early movie, who was there to think it a bit peculiar? And if, during such an early movie, a hand crept into another hand, well, doesn't everybody hold hands in the movies? Hand-holding, of course, can lead to good-night kisses, which begin to strain the agent-client relationship just the littlest bit, but still Doris wasn't absolutely positive that Marty was *the* man.

One afternoon when Marty had come to lunch, he commented on how good the coffee was. Terry, Doris' son, looked up at Marty and said, "My mother cooks lots of good things. Why don't you eat with us all the time? You'd find out." So Marty did.

Then Marty and Doris' mother became good friends. Finally the family doctor got in on the act. "Just the kind of man Dodo ought to marry," he said. "Doctor's orders!"

But Doris didn't follow the doctor's orders. "It was really Terry who decided us," she says. It was on a certain Christmas. . . . At the end of the day, Doris' mother got up to take Terry to bed. Before Terry left his mother and Marty, he spoke. "Thanks for everything," he said. "It's nice to have a family at Christmas—"

After he'd gone, Doris and Marty sat staring at the dying fire. Finally Marty spoke. "Let's see he always has a nice Christmas."

By traditional standards, that was no proposal, but Doris knew her man's intentions from that moment on.



VIC DAMONE

In 1952, Pier Angeli was in Munich making a film. One night Vic Damone called Pier. Wouldn't she like to come out to an Army show, he wanted to know. He was a Private 1st Class; he was stationed there.

She cut him short: "I have to go to work early. And my mother is with me."

"I'll be around for both of you," Damone said.

It turned out to be a wonderful show. Vic sang "September Song" and dedicated it to Pier. Pier blushed; it was the beginning of romance.

For two months, Pier and Vic saw each other every night. The eve of the day she was to come back to the States, Damone put his heart in her hands. "Marry me," he said. It scared her. Twenty years old, she was, but a sheltered twenty. Maybe he wasn't serious, maybe Mama would get angry—and anyhow, what did she know about love? She knew Vic's eyes were brown, his voice was warm, his hands were gentle—but love was for grownups, was forever, and Pier wasn't ready.

Pier came home unpledged. She came home more alive in some ways—and more vulnerable. And she got hurt. There was a romance with Kirk Douglas, a romance with Jimmy Dean. Perhaps the Douglas affair was just an infatuation and maybe she and Jimmy really weren't suited to each other. But it was a much more grown-up Pier that Vic met months later at MGM. Vic had just got out of the army. "Let's go across the street and have a glass of champagne," he said.

They went across the street. Crazily, the juke box was playing "September Song." She drifted into his arms.

"I still mean it," he said. "Let's get married."

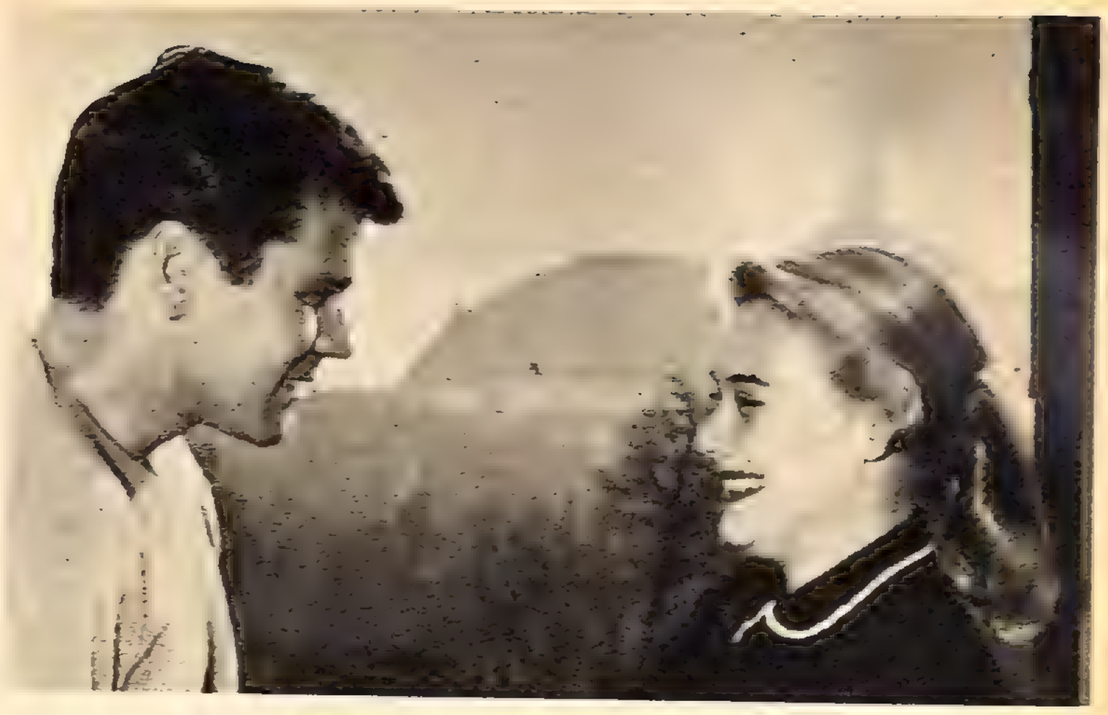
"It's the champagne," she said.

"I haven't touched it," he said.

Suddenly she was trembling. "You haven't been out with me in a year—"

"Marry me," he said, "marry me." He pressed her closely to him.

Maybe, she thought, *maybe I've always loved you . . .*



DON MURRAY

He was in *The Rose Tattoo* on Broadway, and she was still going to junior college, when Don Murray started talking marriage to Hope Lange. "I'm too young," she said. "I'll wait," he said.

His play went on tour, and he wrote to her from every town he hit. She hardly ever answered. He was undismayed.

Drafted into the army in 1952, he admitted to being a conscientious objector, spent two years in European refugee camps doing social work. He came home, according to Hope, "thin as a rail," but unchanged. He'd had pneumonia; he didn't own a civilian suit; he didn't know where his next job was coming from, yet his conversation picked up exactly where it had left off two years earlier. What did he want? To get married. "I don't want to settle down," said Hope. He threatened never to ask her again! Occasionally they parted forever. Then he'd start worrying, of course, he didn't really want her if she didn't want him—but there she was living on the ground floor, and shouldn't somebody go put bars on the windows? He visited her, suggested this precaution, and fell in love all over again. She was the only girl in the world for him.

A play called *The Hot Corner* had a place for him, and he got Hope a part as an understudy. It flopped out of town, and Don and Hope came back to New York.

It was February, 1955. "Hey," said Don, as if it were a brand-new thought, "don't you think it's about time we got married?"

"Maybe," said Hope.

He didn't believe his ears. After five years, the first sign of weakness. He talked until four o'clock in the morning. Her eyes were heavy, her resistance low. "All right," she said finally.

"All right what?"

"All right I'll marry you." So it was over at last.

She blames it all on Don's "persistence." Still, no one's ever heard her complain.





WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

by CLAIRE WILLIAMS

■ What *could* be wrong—you may think—with a picture of two kids out shopping for an automobile? He's handsome, she's beautiful—and the sun's shining.

But there *is* something wrong with the picture . . . there's something left out of it. The handsome boy is Tony Perkins; the beautiful girl is Venetia Stevenson. Only there's a missing third party who really should be there to make the picture complete—because Tony and Venetia are part of a triangle and all three of these people—Tony, Venetia and Russ Tamblyn—are in trouble. Bad trouble.

What kind of trouble? Take Tony first. At twenty-four, he hit the big-time with a crash. From nowhere, he skyrocketed to fame. "I left New York a failure," Tony says, "no girl, no car, no nothing." Now, only two years later, fifteen million dollars is invested in seven Perkins films.

Tony had wanted success as badly as anybody can want *anything*. He's known the taste of despair—"I was once dropped by a studio," he says. Yet, at twenty-five, he's already said, "Success isn't all I thought it would be. It's a little sad, a little disillusioning." And his eyes gaze into the distance with a deeply hurt look.

Take Venetia next. At seventeen she was a bride so romantic that she wept through her wedding ceremony—and vowed she'd never take her wedding ring off. "I'll cover it with (*Continued on page 91*)

you've been
with him
at parties
and on
dates–now
you're
invited
to go...

HORSIN' AROUND WITH





■ It's a bright and sunny Saturday afternoon, when suddenly over the loudspeaker you hear—"First prize: Swizzlestick, ridden and owned by Tab Hunter." And you'll probably get almost as excited as the broadly-grinning Tab, cantering over to pick up his ribbon and looking as proud as if he'd just gotten an Oscar. This is the part of Tab's life you may not know about. Not unless you date him, anyway. Then you'd know about it for sure, 'cause hors'n around with Tab means hors'n around with his horse Swizzlestick, for one thing. And if you were dating Tab, you'd enjoy all the other things he likes too—like going for a swim with him when he gets the yen, and that's often. Or maybe a spot of tennis. Or ice-skating—Tab won't expect you to show that championship form that won him all those cups, but he'd kind of like you to like the sport enough so that your skates don't have to be de-rusted first! One nice thing about this kind of dating with a fellow like Tab: all you need is a swim suit, some jeans, and a couple pair of shorts to be dressed to the hilt —when you're out hors'n around with Tab!

once Marlon loved a gal and Kim loved a guy — and bot



the truth about their...

BROKEN

rned, too late, *that you can't fool with love*

MARLON *got jilted...*

The reporters were shooting questions at
im but their words barely registered.
ll Marlon Brando could hear as he walked
ff the plane was the echo of those words
ne had spoken a year ago: "I love you,
Iarlon, and I always will." A year apart,
xcept for a few phone calls. And now, in less
nan an hour he'd be with her, hearing her
alk, laugh, watching her as she listened to
im with that grave look on her dark lovely
ace that he loved so.

"Do you have any marriage plans?" a
eporter called out.

"Do *you*?" Marlon grinned at him.

"Been married twelve years."

"You're a lucky (*Continued on page* 62)



KIM *kidded herself...*

So much has been written about Kim
Novak lately, it is astounding that one of the
most important events in the twenty-four
years of her life has never been mentioned—
Kim's engagement!

The engagement came about as suddenly
as it broke off. It happened in a tiny,
romantic, candle-lit Italian restaurant in
Chicago when the young man she had known
for several weeks asked her to marry him.

"Yes. . ." said Kim. "Yes, yes, yes. . . "

This was the most beautiful night of her
life, to be remembered as long as she lived.
And she knew just the way to make sure of it.

When he brought her home, they passed
through a nearby park. The air was clean
and crisp. The stars shone brightly.
Patches of snow (*Continued on page* 87)

ENGAGEMENTS

AUDREY and MEL'S GARDEN OF LOVE

by Susan Wender

"I want to go away!" Audrey Hepburn wept. Her face was swollen, her big eyes red and frightened. "Mel—please—you've got to take me away . . ."

Mel Ferrer sat down beside his wife. Slowly his fingers pushed her dark hair away from her forehead, caressing her, soothing. "All right, sweetheart. It's all right, lover. Tell me what's wrong. Tell me. Tell me what you're talking about."

"The—the war," Audrey said. Mel's hand dropped. He leaned forward, totally bewildered.

"What war?"

"The one that's going to start," Audrey said. "It's—it's in the papers. All the trouble in Egypt and Israel and North Africa. And what if—the Russians—" suddenly she sat up on the (*Continued on page* 76)

A house is a place where people live,
A place they furnish with their love.
There to receive, there to give,
There to take root, no more to rove.

But we have no place to call our own,
For we are forced to wander.
Nevertheless our love has grown
Strong and ever fonder.

But the warmth of home is in our hearts
And we find gardens everywhere.
Flowers bloom on the city streets
And all the world is wondrous fair.

WHY TONY & JANET WERE SCARED TO ATTEND THE BIG HOLLYWOOD PARTY



SHE *was going to be there— the starlet who had snickered at Janet's dress...*

HE *was going to be there—the star who had laughed at Tony's Bronx accent...*

by Ed DeBlasio

■ Tony kissed Kelly Lee goodnight. Then he went from the nursery to his and Janet's bedroom. Janet smiled and swung around to show her new dress. "How do I look?" she asked. "The most," said Tony, grabbing her. Janet made a face. "No better than that?" she asked. "The very most," said Tony. "That's more like it," Janet said, kissing him. "Now," she went on, "I know Your Majesty has been working hard at the studio all day, but if we're going to this party tonight, you've got to start getting ready."

"Okay, Queen," he answered as he began to unbutton his shirt, "I guess I owe you a big splash every once in a while." "You *bet* you do. . . ." she started to say, laughing. And then a shirt which had just been flung across the room landed square on her head. "Tony!" she yelled, still laughing. But Tony was already on his way to the shower, whistling away, happy that the picture he'd been working on for the past three months was nearly finished, happy that he and his wife were getting ready for a big night out.

He was still whistling when he walked out of the bathroom and back in to the bedroom. "Honey," he asked, drying the wet from his neck, "who's going to be at this shindig, anyway?"

"Well . . ." Janet (*Continued on page* 73)



A few days ago we received the following story about you from a fellow who claims to be one of your former buddies at New Utrecht High School. We know you would be too modest, Johnny, to tell us this story yourself. What we want to know . . .

JOHNNY, IS THIS STORY TRUE?

■ It was Monday lunchtime and Johnny knew the sandwiches would be meatball. Yesterday was Sunday and for Sunday dinner there were always meatballs on the table at home—and those that were left over always went into Monday's sandwiches. It was something Johnny could count on. It was one of the few things this quiet, often moody, almost too-goodlooking seventeen-year-old could count on.

Johnny scooped a sandwich out of the paper bag and he began to eat. As usual, he sat alone in Brooklyn's NEW UTRECHT HIGH SCHOOL cafeteria—eating fast with the idea of finishing and then maybe going upstairs to the gym for a round of one-man handball or maybe just going for a walk, as he often did.

"Hi," a girl called out as Johnny was finishing his second sandwich. She was a tall, thin, dark-eyed girl who lived on his block and was in his biology class.

It was obvious from the way her friends were giggling that she had a crush on him and that she was going out of her way now to say *hello.*

"Hi," Johnny said back. He smiled a little. It always embarrassed him when girls went out of their way to be nice to him.

"I saw you in biology class this morning," the girl said.

"Yeah?" Johnny said.

"That frog nearly made me sick," the girl (*Continued on page 79*)

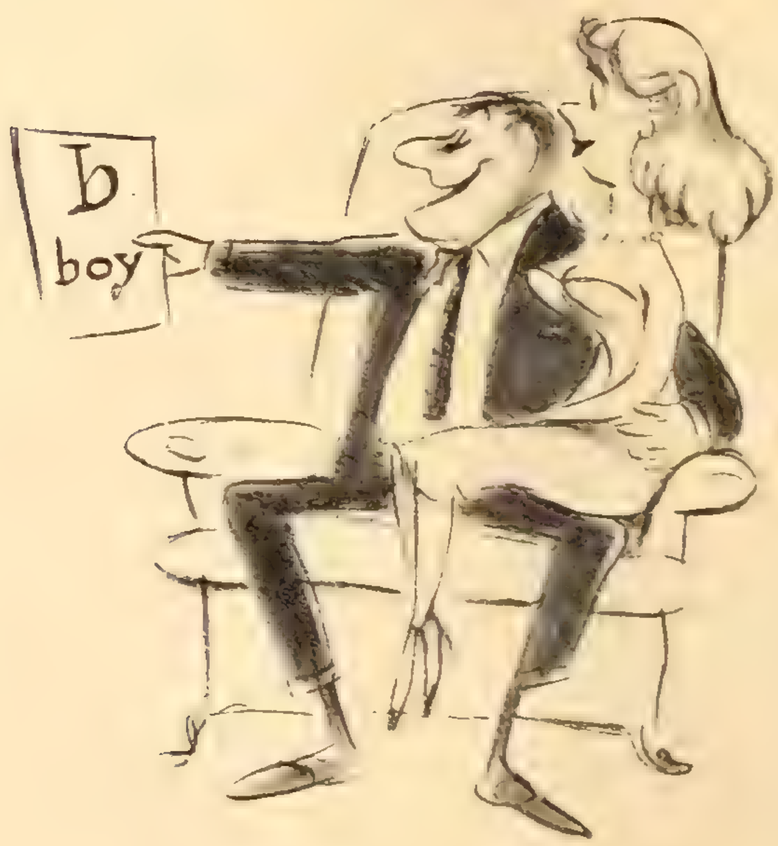
Jayne Mansfield reveals:

How to get your man...





...to CATCH you



...to TALK to you



...to FEED you



...to LOVE you



...to HELP you



...to MARRY you

Illustrated by SAXON

■ How do I get a man?

Well, first I catch him. I catch him by running. This brings out the wolf in him. If he is not a fast-running wolf, I drop my handkerchief and stop to pick it up. Then he's got me (—and I've caught him). And that leads to a date. Naturally, on a date—when it's your first date, anyway—you want the guy to talk to you . . . if you know what I mean.

So I play dumb. Every man likes to think he's leading a girl down the road to knowledge, so it's easy. Like that Spanish publicity man I was going with once. He said he'd like to teach me Spanish. I had already been studying Spanish for years, but I pretended that I didn't know a word of it.

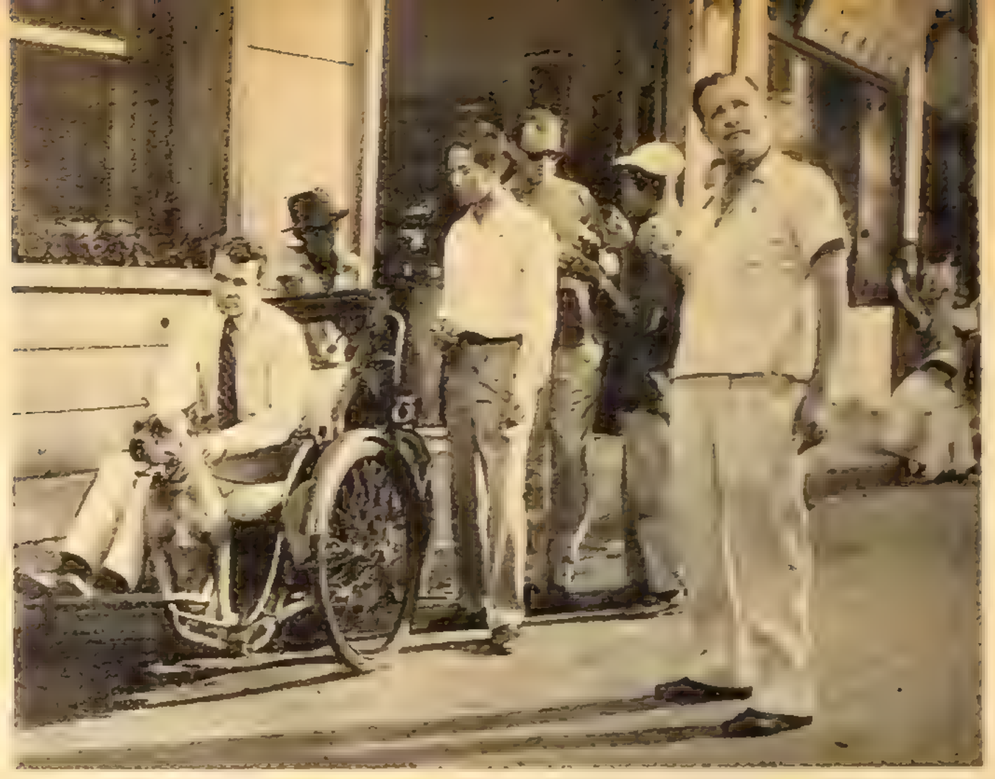
He just couldn't understand how I picked it up so fast!

It would have been just too cruel to disillusion that man—when he was so pleased to think I learned so fast because he was such a great teacher!

Of course, after a while, when you're less anxious to keep him talking, you do different things, like look at his (*Continued on page 89*)

at last, Audie Murphy thought, the nightmare is over . . .

Thank God I'm home



Audie was in Saigon making a movie—but he found tragedy.

by JEAN FRAZIER

■ Audie Murphy was crying. It was broad daylight and he wasn't acting. To his own shock and surprise, and to the surprise and fascination of the crowd staring at him, the uncontrollable tears fell from his eyes and rolled down his cheeks before he could rush into his hotel and hide.

The place was Saigon, Vietnam, the desolate city which used to be called 'The Pearl of the Orient.' The time was early this past March . . .

And the soul-shaking emotion that was ripping Audie apart was his first step towards home. Not just the home of the house he lived in—but the home of belonging and *knowing he belonged* . . . and feeling at last a *part* of the world his God had created. This was the first step, and there were two more mountains Audie Murphy had to conquer . . .

The road home started when Audie was in Saigon making *The Quiet American* with Bruce Cabot, Michael Rennie, Claude Dauphin and Georgia Moll. It was a (*Continued on page 71*)



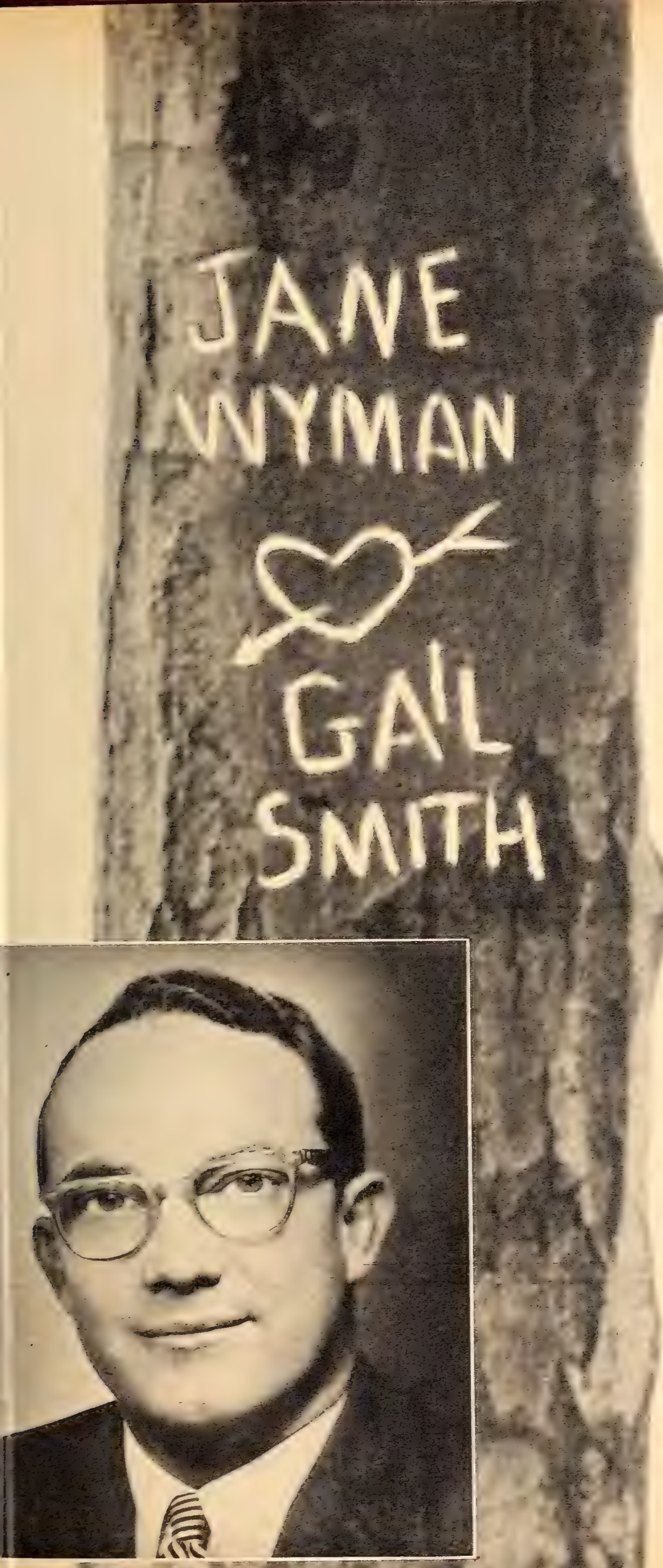
His wife was a part of coming home for Audie Murphy, but home was more than his family, his house.



Pam, his sons—now at last Audie and his family were truly one. Because at last, the nightmare was over . . .







A love story is hard to keep a secret--- when it's a deep and wonderful kind of love...

■ Janie Wyman's getting hitched! She's met her kind of man—and that's the best news possible.

Who is he? How did they meet and all the rest of it?

Well, Janie's so delirious about it all —that all she'll say is, "When I marry again my relationship with my husband will be ours alone, intimate and sacred."

But a love story is hard to keep a secret—especially when it's a deep wonderful kind of love. The kind of love that makes a girl want to shout, *Listen everybody, I'm in love! I'm getting married! I'm so very happy.*

So here's the story.

The groom-to-be is Gail Smith. He's a big executive with the company sponsoring Jane's TV show. The romance ran something like this: In March, 1956, Dorothy Kilgallen reported in her column that *Jane Wyman's friends believe she's wildly serious about Gail Smith, and he reciprocates. Wedding bells would surprise no one.*

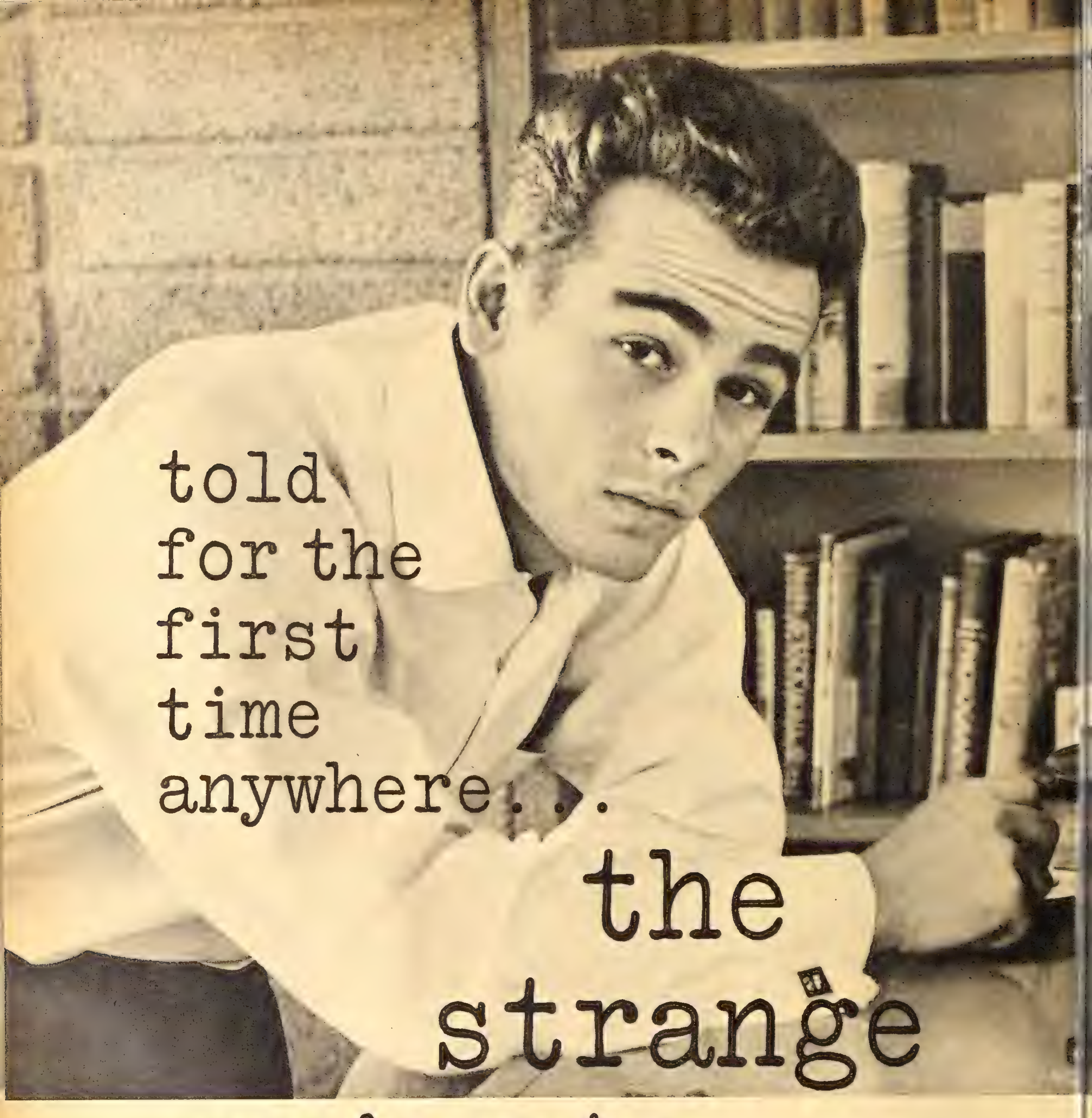
But a month later, Walter Winchell told the world *the Jane Wyman marriage talk last week has been blue-pencilled.*

That wasn't the end of the story however.

By September Louella Parsons' column carried this item: *At the* COCOANUT GROVE *were Jane Wyman and TV's Gail Smith.*

In December Ed Sullivan had *Jane Wyman and Gail Smith blazing.*

And everything seemed real set by January, 1957. Sheilah Graham predicted *it looks like marriage for Jane Wyman and TV executive Gail Smith.* (*Continued on page 90*)


told
for the
first
time
anywhere...
the
strange
private
life of



DEAN
today...

←

DEAN
as a child
star...

→



by BOB MONROE

■ "So long, Sonny," a stage-hand said to Dean Stockwell a couple of years ago; "see ya around the lot," he called as he ambled off, a little behind the rest of the departing cast and crew of *Cattle Drive*. Dean felt a light touch on his arm. The script girl was standing in front of him.

"Hi," Dean said.

"Good-by's the word," the girl said. She smiled. "Gee—here we've been working together for weeks, and I *still* can't get over thinking of you as just a baby. Every time I walked on the set I expected to see you practically *toddle* in—and here you are, a great big gangling boy, going on sixteen any year now." She laughed. "Well, it's all over now. Bye-bye, kid."

She reached out one well-manicured hand and ran it through Dean's hair. "The tousle-headed boy," she murmured. And then she was gone, too.

For a long moment Dean Stockwell stood staring after her, alone in the big empty room. Slowly he looked around at the scattered chairs, the camera dollies, the thrown-away scripts. And then he was running—off the set, across the lot, down the sunlit Hollywood streets. Running home. And even then he didn't stop; he climbed the stairs two at a time, gasping for breath, and paused only when he was in his own room with his door locked behind him.

"Never again," he said aloud. And (*Continued on page 69*)

DEAN STOCKWELL

ONLY MODERN SCREEN WAS THERE...

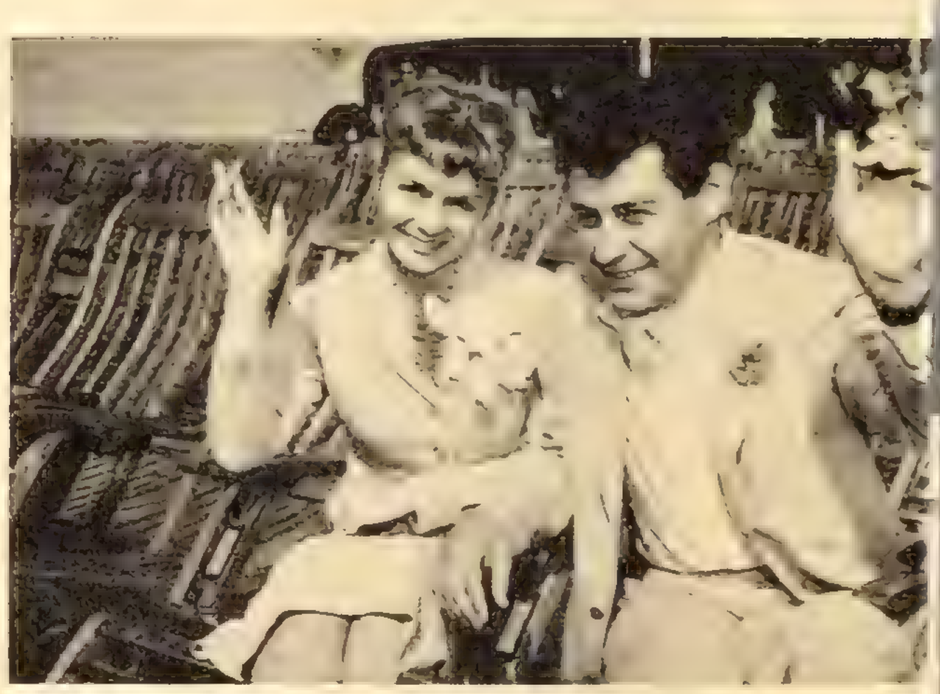
WITH Debbie and Eddie on their trip to Europe



Land Ho!—and these two old salts are rarin' to go. But they stop for just one more family portrait of the Fishers at sea.

(*This is the story of a reunion, the reunion of two* Modern Screen *reporters; their letters tell it all . . .*)

■ Dear Boss (*said the letter from the first reporter*)—Love this work—taking an ocean trip to Europe with Debbie and Eddie Fisher! Right now, Debbie's shouting "We're landing! We're landing!" And hugging Eddie so close you'd think they hadn't been married for two years already! But, like she said, "It's really our *first* honeymoon. We never had one!" First stop: London —Eddie's singing at the PALLADIUM. Then, Paris.
(*The other reporter's note came in the afternoon mail*)—Boss—The French Riviera is lovely . . . except Todd says NO PIX! Understandable, though. Liz' baby is expected soon and Mike doesn't want her tiring herself posing. Course, if Liz didn't know she was being snapped— So here, courtesy my camera's telephoto lens, are the Todds at home. They're hopping over to Paris next week—Liz loves the races. . .
(*The next letter was signed by the* TWO *news-hounds*)—Guess who we ran into? Each other! Havin' a ball!! Nice of the Todds and Fishers to arrange to get together!



Debbie and Eddie wanted these photos for Carrie Frances, who's at Grandma's.





The two-and-a-half Todds entertain near the swimming pool. Liz looks beautiful!

INSIDE Liz and Mike's Villa on the French Riviera



"I Love Paris In The Springtime"—we're halfway there!



Liz' doctor ordered her to rest, and at their Cap Ferrat Villa Mike makes sure she gets plenty.

Four Americans get together in Paris and place a sentimental bet on a horse named *Friendship* . . .



AT Debbie and Eddie's reunion with Liz and Mike in Paris

end

ONLY MODERN SCREEN WAS THERE...



The strains of "Aloha" and a fragrant flower lei welcome the honeymooners.

With June and Dick on their "Second Honeymoon"



And then they were at a wedding, on the beach, just as if a young couple fell in love especially to marry on this day—so June could be blessed by their Hawaiian priest.



June's making sure that nothing's going to spoil their morning —like a sunburned-as-a-lobster Dick. She spreads the oil on.



That's Dick all right, wearing a native hat like a—native! And the twinkle in her eye gives June away.

But the most unusual hat in Hawaii is the one that lunched with Dick and June. It has her autograph.



■ What a promise! Absolutely no work, no-how, what-so-ever—even though the film Dick was going to direct and produce down in Hawaii was ready to roll. But this was their second honeymoon, and Dick promised his June-bug—no work. Not the first day anyway, that is! So, from the minute the ship touched shore there was nothing but sunning and funning for the Dick Powells, with June crowding a week into one morning—and enjoying it, too! How? Well, MODERN SCREEN was there, and here's the exclusive, inside, top-secret info on how June and Dick lived one day of their life . . . their love-life . . . together. . .

more on next page ⇒



"It may not look pretty—but it's practical!" One look at Dick's face, and Junie decided *not* to be practical!



"It may not be practical," says Dick, "but it'd be pretty—with just you, instead of a blouse showing!"

The Powells Shopped, Played, Danced and Romanced

Sun and fun in the morning—but the afternoon's
for more serious stuff. Like shopping,
f'r instance, and that's a family project—like everything
else is with the Dick Powells these days. Of
course that kind of makes a fella hungry, so
June and Dick take time out for some more
of that exotic Hawaiian food. But what's
dinner without some food for the soul?
And there's no denying—dancing in each other's
arms, holding each other close, is just
about the best kind of soul-magic for these two. . .



But the swim suit was out when June spotted these bright shirts. Her grin adds up to "Wrap them, please!"





But an hour later the grin's faded—'cause the next course is ready, and Junie can't make it!



After dinner, a night club and some fun-talk with Reri, Tahitian dancer. The girls compare styles.

And, to end their day, a last dance in each other's arms to wipe away the memory of the time they almost lost each other—when June forgot that life was nothing without Dick—until a miracle saved their marriage . . .



Vicious, ugly gossip has created a crisis in their marriage...



can TERRY MOORE and her husband Keep LOVE ALIVE?

by JAE LYLE

■ Terry Moore lay on the bed, very still. The room was quiet, as rooms in rest homes always are. She looked around, barely moving her head. Everything was white, blank white—the bed, the chairs, the dresser, the water pitcher on the table next to her. And the sun, glistening brightly on the big tree outside the window, made even the leaves glare white. She wished she could sleep, sleep for just a little while. "Gene . . ." she heard herself whisper, "Gene . . . Gene."

Then the door knob at the far end of the room clicked open and the nurse, smiling brightly the way nurses in rest homes always do, said "Well, we have a visitor here for you"—she winked—"and a very good-looking one he is, too." Terry's body tensed under the sheets. The nurse pretended not to notice this. "Why, it's Mr. McGrath, your husband," she chuckled, as if she'd been waiting for Terry to guess who it was and Terry had taken just a little bit too long. (*Continued on page 82*)

All the joys of naturally curly hair



And every curl is trained to stay with Helene Curtis Spray Net®



Not only makes lovely, natural curls, but trains them to stay!



Not only holds your hair softly in place, but trains it to stay!

Lots of hair sprays promise curls. *But do they last?* Only Helene Curtis SPRAY NET, with its fabulous "control" ingredient, gives you beautiful curls—and *trains* those curls to stay, like naturally curly hair. Only SPRAY NET holds your hair softly in place and, at the same time, trains it to remember its place. Even in damp weather, your curls stay springy . . . bouncy. (When they muss—just comb them right back in place!) Back of every silky spray are years of research in the Helene Curtis laboratories. No wonder where other sprays *promise*, SPRAY NET *performs!* Never flaky, never drying, SPRAY NET gives you glorious . . . carefree curls—*trained* to stay curled.

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▲ SUPER SOFT, *without lacquer, for gentle control.*

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69¢, LARGE $1.25, GIANT ECONOMY $1.89 *plus tax.*

Be sure to ask your hairdresser to use SPRAY NET *on your hair.*

it took a chihuahua to make EDDIE laugh



■ *"Whassa matter, Eddie? Lonesome?"*



■ *"Let me tell you what I'd do, man to man . . ."*



■ *"First I'd take a little snooze . . ."*



■ *"Then a little sight-seeing around Philly . . ."*



■ *"Then a little work smiling at the birdie!"*

Eddie was in Philadelphia, his home town. This was his opening night, the first time he would appear in Philadelphia as the *famous* Eddie Fisher. Throngs had made reservations at the LATIN QUARTER. Fans jammed the nightclub just waiting for a peek at Eddie, and police had to be called to keep order.

It was a big night for Eddie. And his dressing room was a hubbub of activity. His mom came in to wish him luck! His many buddies whom he hadn't seen in years were visiting. As we said it was a big night for Eddie and it should have been a happy occasion. But it wasn't!

Eddie was very lonesome.

He missed his Debbie who had to remain in California to take care of Carrie Frances. She'd join him when he appeared in Boston but that was a week away. And he wanted to see her *now*. He wanted to feel her lips on his cheek when she wished him good luck. He wanted to see her sitting out front. He wanted to introduce her to so many of his buddies. But he couldn't. And he was pretty upset about it!

MODERN SCREEN's photographer was with Eddie on this important evening. As a matter of fact, he'd been with Eddie all day, taking photos. Now he was setting up his camera in this crowded dressing room. And he could see Eddie was sort of lonesome. And the photographer noted that Eddie hadn't smiled all day.

It was about twenty minutes before curtain time when a Philadelphia photographer knocked on the door and asked Eddie if he might bring in his daughter to say hello. Eddie was delighted to meet a new fan and even more delighted to see the chihuahua that she held in her hands. It reminded him a little of home and the two poodles he and Debbie loved so much. One poodle was named Fanny Fisher; the other, Rocky. Eddie thought of them—and home—as he played with the chihuahua. And for the first time that whole day he smiled.

marlon's broken engagement

(*Continued from page 39*) man," Marlon said. And he meant it.

"Anything to declare?" the customs inspector asked in his routine, bored voice.

"Yes," Marlon answered, reaching into his pocket, "this ring. . ."

The cab driver recognized him and grinned broadly at his famous passenger. Marlon gave him the address and leaned back letting his hand touch the bulge the ring made in his pocket.

"Been away long, Mr. Brando?" the cabbie asked.

"Too long," Marlon answered, thinking—*not from the city, but away from her.* One year tomorrow. The longest year of his life. A year of exile from the girl he loved. It hadn't started out to be a year. The separation could have been for a week, or forever. Because on that last night together he had started out to ask her to marry him. And suddenly found he couldn't do it.

"Marlon," she'd said, with anger flashing in her eyes, "nobody ever said you *had* to marry me."

He nodded slowly, watching the tears glisten in her dark eyes. "Nobody ever said I *had* to love you, either," he said, "but I do." He moved to the window of his apartment and looked out. "But when a man marries, he's got to be ready. . ."

Thinking—*I've got to know exactly what I want from life. And that takes time.*

He took her lovely face between his hands and said, "I need time."

"Haven't I made you happy?"

With sudden, unaccustomed bitterness, she asked, "Is it Movita?"

Marlon shook his head. "I guess I deserved that. But you know that's over."

Her eyes stayed close on his face. "The Moreno girl?"

"No" he said, angry with himself. "Not Rita, not any girl. Just me!" Thinking—*This is the only girl I've ever really loved, and I can't prove it to her by the one true proof: marriage. I can't do that to her. . . she deserves a guy who knows where he's going and what he's looking for. And that's not me . . . yet.*

She crushed her cigarette out and whispered, "Haven't I made you happy, Marlon?" He wanted to take her and hold her tightly and tell her how, on some confused, lost nights, she was the only bright star in a black sky.

But he loved her enough to want *her* to be happy so he didn't move; didn't take her in his arms. He stood there stiffly and said what he *had* to say—coldly. "We're not discussing happiness right now." The cabbie's voice was a welcome interruption. So Marlon didn't have to go on remembering , . . remembering how her face looked when she turned away from him and walked out of the door, leaving him alone in a room that looked out over an empty world.

Risk losing her forever

He hadn't slept at all that night. Sam Gilman, his closest friend of pre-fame days, was in town. And when you don't drink, the next best thing is to stay up and talk to a friend. Sam understood; he knew that Marlon had tried to do the best thing for the girl . . . even risking losing her forever.

"You're right, Marlon," Sam had said. "She deserves a man who's ready to devote himself to her. You may be that man . . . but not just yet."

Well, Marlon thought, lighting a cigarette and flipping out the match, *now he WAS that man.* The cabbie's voice droned into his con- (*Continued on page 64*)

based on his make-up research

an entirely new



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kind of lipstick



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Not all Danny's jokes backfired. But two of them did!

Danny Kaye's Prize Gags ...and how they back-fired!

■ Nowadays Danny Kaye thinks twice before playing practical jokes on anybody —because one day he pulled two boners, one right on top of the other.

That was the afternoon Danny was called to the set, and then it started to look as if he wouldn't be needed after all. Standing on the sidelines he watched the Goldwyn Girls rehearse a number for the third time. He began to feel restless. So he looked around for a little diversion.

He wandered into the make-up department and found a fellow who could appreciate a good gag. Off the two went to a dressing room to carry out Danny's brainstorm. By the time they were through, he looked as if he'd been in one heck of a drunken brawl. One eye was black; there was a mean-looking slash along one cheek, and his shirt was splashed with some rolling-in-the-gutter kind of dirt and blood.

Danny was real pleased with his appearance. Off he stumbled to the set. He made his entrance roaring threats right and left and leering at all the girls. The men turned pale. The women screamed and ran for cover. Half a dozen property men started to close in on him to cart him off to the studio hospital, but Danny was too quick for them. He made the door, yelling over his shoulder, "I'm going straight to Mr. Goldwyn!"

Danny only got as far as the outer office. The producer's private secretary took one look at Danny, and firmly told him, "You go right back to make-up, Mr. Kaye. Mr. Goldwyn won't think you're funny."

It seemed like good advice and Danny, completely deflated, took it. Setback #1.

But Danny was still in a playful mood, so this time he had himself fitted with a wig and a beard, and he headed for home.

When his housekeeper answered his ring, he said gruffly, "I want to see that fellow Kaye."

"He's at the studio," she said.

"Then I'll see that wife of his," Danny yelled, pushing past her.

She ran from him, to the kitchen. And reappeared in a minute waving a wicked-looking meat cleaver.

As Danny sprinted behind a sofa, he outdid himself on his fast-talking routine. "May," he yelled, yanking at the false beard, "it's me! Take it easy!"

That was the last trick the clown prince of mirth ever played on his housekeeper!

Danny will soon be seen in Paramount's The Five Pennies *and MGM's* Merry Andrew.

(*Continued from page 62*) sciousness, "Pretty exciting, Europe musta been, eh?"

Marlon answered politely, recalling days at THE LOUVRE in Paris, and standing awestruck before the churches of Florence in Italy. Before he'd left, Gadge Kazan had told him, "Soak it all up, Marlon. Everything you feel in Europe will help you to know the kind of actor you want to be—and the kind of man, too." Good old understanding Kazan. He hadn't said a word about *her*, but Marlon knew Gadge was talking about her in his own way, saying he hoped they'd find a way to work it out.

Suddenly it was love

They were deep in the city now and the cab was working its way west. "Can't you go any faster?" Marlon asked.

"Doin' the best I can, Mr. Brando. Central Park has murderous traffic."

Central Park, Marlon thought, *the dramatic school where they'd met had been near Central Park.* It was early summer, and as the trees turned green their friendship grew, and suddenly it was love, warm and intimate.

They would have coffee after class and Marlon would talk and talk, telling her about the time he organized a five-piece band called the Kegliners, with himself as drummer; or the times when he rode his father's Guernsey cow from the barn to the pasture and back. Little, silly things. Then, one day as he was bubbling away, she suddenly interrupted saying, "Marlon, I love you . . . and I always will!"

He should have grabbed her then, held her and never let her go. He could have been happy then, instead of living this life of wandering, working and wandering some more. Sitting in smoky night spots, watching the dawn come up over the NOTRE DAME in Paris; seeing the red hot California sun drop into the Pacific; drinking bitter coffee just after dawn, with the make-up men and the camera crew. Not always alone. But always lonely.

And then, two weeks ago, it had ended. Walking down a street in Rome, thinking of her, he just knew that he was going to her. It wasn't that he was 'ready' now, the way he thought a man had to be before he could ask a woman to share his life. It was just that he knew now you had to take life and love while you could, ready or not. And if trying meant anything—well, then he would make her happy.

Sorry to hear it like this

The cab pulled to a stop. Marlon got out and half ran towards her house. No one glanced at the world-famous face, no one except Sam Gilman. Marlon had come four thousand miles and there, as he stepped out of a cab, was Sam.

"Marlon," Sam called out, "welcome home! It's good to see you!"

"Sam! How'd you know I was here?"

"The grapevine. Word gets around."

Marlon pulled the ring out, but Sam wasn't smiling.

"What's the matter?" Marlon asked.

"You mean you don't know?"

Marlon felt his heart sink. "Know what?" he asked.

"She's getting married, Marlon, tomorrow. He's a musician. A real nice guy."

Marlon turned away. The brilliant spring sunshine now seemed unbearably blinding and he covered his eyes for a moment. She was getting married. Married to someone else. The one thing he'd never imagined possible. From somewhere outside his pain, he heard Sam speaking, "I figured for sure that she wrote to you about it. Maybe she didn't know where you were. I'm sorry you had to hear it like this. Come on to my place now. I'll make some coffee." Marlon shook his head and turned away . . .

Ready for love

In his apartment, still moving like a sleepwalker, he leafed through the pile of mail accumulated on his desk until he came to the one in her handwriting:

MARLON,

I SAID I'D ALWAYS LOVE YOU; AND I ALWAYS WILL. BUT I CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU ANY LONGER—I'M GETTING MARRIED, TO A MAN WHO KNOWS HE WANTS ME. YOU'RE ON A JOURNEY —AND IF IT'S A JOURNEY FOR TWO, WELL I WANTED TO BE THE OTHER ONE. BUT, MY DEAR, I DON'T KNOW. IT MAY TURN OUT TO BE A JOURNEY FOR ONE. ONLY YOU CAN KNOW WHICH IT WILL BE. AND I HOPE YOU FIND OUT SOON. MY LOVE TO YOU ALWAYS . . .

The letter slipped to the floor. *Too late,* he thought; *I've found out what I wanted too late. And I've lost her.* The bright, sunny world was gone. The apartment seemed strangely large and lonely. Suddenly, he smashed his fist down, hard, on top of the desk. Then, without looking at it, he took the ring-box from his pocket and, opening a drawer, put it away.

Marlon took a deep breath and leaned on the mahogany desk. The room was filled with the dying afternoon light. *She's right,* he thought. *Life has to be a journey for two, or else it isn't worth living.*

Then he opened the window to let in fresh air and began to unpack. And knew that next time he'd be ready for love . . . END

Marlon can soon be seen in Warner Bros. Sayonara *and 20th Century-Fox's* The Young Lions.

whose gonna be
in october's
modern screen?

lots of your favorites:
clark gable, tab hunter, natalie wood, joanne woodward, jerry lewis, jayne mansfield, pat boone,
and **many others.**

and, commemorating the anniversary of his tragic death, a moving memorial story on
jimmy dean.

that's it—great stories, scads of pictures, and very cute photo of
debbie reynolds
on the cover.

all in october's
modern screen
(on your newsstand september 5th)

barbara rush says:

"you can have...

beauty in minutes"









■ Beauty for the busy is always a question of "how much can I do with the time I have?" No matter how busy her schedule, Barbara Rush knows that "how much" beauty care means "as much as possible." Whether a campus queen, career girl, Mrs. Thank Goodness or a glamorous actress, the approval and applause of friends or the world demands the very best of good grooming habits. Barbara has collected a few important beauty tricks which offer a maximum of care in a minimum of minutes (*Continued on page 72*)

See Barbara in 20th's NO DOWN PAYMENT

terry moore's fashions



a



b



c



d



e

All photos by Roger Prigent

and Footnotes for campus • country • career

a

Terry Moore in a 100% wool tweed suit with sheath skirt and 38 inch length coat with detachable velvet collar and Alpaca lining. By Haber-Levy. Terry's smart taper-toe flats by Huskies—see details on page 68—caption J.

b

Terry accents her Tycora sweater and McArthur skirt with a Jills Continental flat in white sand—for details see E—and a Clifton full grain hand tooled and laced handbag. *On the basket,* a Nite-Aires lounging slipper.

c

Terry's tiny, dainty feet in The Convertibles. These are the new shell stepins with optional and detachable straps. This chic flat comes in the fashionable colors. Vicuna tan; grey or white sand. Made by Jills. About $7.95 a pair.

d

Here Jerry wears Jills Fluffs—lightweight oxfords of soft suede with bouncy crepe soles. Fluffs make you feel as though you are walking on a cloud. Caviar grey, true white, jet black, Vicuna tan. About $7.95 a pair.

e

A close-up of the Continentals which Terry holds in B. These stepins are of true moccasin construction with hand-sewn vamps. Choose Jills Continentals from colors—Vicuna tan, white sand, grey or black. About $7.95 a pair.

f

Terry chooses new Jills Fluffs—shown in close-up D—with her outfit of plaid Bermuda shorts, plain McArthur shirt and JoKay suede jacket. Don't miss Terry in 20th's great film *Bernardine* with Pat Boone and Janet Gaynor.



Continued on the following page

f

Fashions and Footnotes *continued*



g

Cinderella style—pretty clothes are transformed into prettier ones if worn with smart shoes! Hollywood stars wear them for play—and work. 20th star Terry Moore accents her sports costume with Huskies Minuet flat that features a draped brass trimmed twin arrow vamp overlay. Black or brown leather; black suede. $5.99. Terry's water-repellent Jo-Kay, suede jacket is a lifetime joy. Below right, other Huskies Cinderella flats—$5.99 a pair. Terrys' next film is 20th's *Peyton Place.*



g

Oxford with a pinked overlay vamp and a thin foam sole. Blonde, caramel or gray cork; also black suede

i



Novelty strap and brass buckle trim on vamp and quarter. Black suede or leather; gray or caramel cork

j



Taper toe. Envelope vamp, pearl button trim. Red or black leather; black suede; gray or caramel cork

k

Terry waves a wand of good luck over a few of Huskies Cinderella shoe collection. Blouse and skirt by McArthur, Ltd.

All photos by Roger Prigent

dean stockwell's strange life

(*Continued from page 53*) began to pull pictures down from the wall. Pictures of himself—glossy prints, newspaper shots, four-color magazine portraits. Stills from *The Boy With Green Hair,* from *Gentleman's Agreement,* from *The Green Years* . . . Quickly he tore them down, ripping them to shreds.

For a moment he stood puzzled in the middle of the room, trying to remember the other thing he had to do. Then he remembered. His scrapbook too was stuffed into the metal wastebasket in the corner of the room, on top of the torn and crumpled pictures.

Then he struck a match, and sat on his bed and watched his past burn to ashes.

When the flames reached the last little heap of newsprint, he reached into a pocket and took out a piece of red silk. He had found it one day, and on that day he'd gotten some wonderful new role or signed a fabulous new contract—he couldn't remember any more what it was that had happened to make him so happy, but it happened right after he found the piece of silk—so he had carried it for almost eight years, a torn bit of cloth that had been a good-luck charm and a symbol of dreams that were all to come true—a good-luck charm for a child.

He dropped the silk into the dying flame.

Then he buried his face in his hands and began to cry.

But at dinner that night he was dry-eyed when he told his mother he would never make a movie again.

His mother looked up from her plate, and her eyes weren't even surprised, only tired, as she looked at her fifteen-year-old son with a weary love he had seen before.

Quietly she asked, "Dean, can you tell me why—why you've made this decision?"

"I've got to find out"

Dean bent his head. Through these last weeks, knowing what he was going to do —*had* to do, he had known that was the question he would have to answer. Time and time again he had worked out sentences that would explain why he had to quit. Sentences? Whole speeches! *Mom,* he would say in his mind, *it's no good for me, this acting. I have to know if people want me—for myself. It sounds corny, but Mom, I've got to find out. Now. The only really happy time I can remember in my whole life is when I was a kid and went to public school every day like everyone else and never even thought about acting—except to brag to the kids about how you and Dad used to be on the stage. But I never thought about it for me. Not for me, Mom. Oh, I had a ball all right, that first time, when you got me and Guy into that Broadway show—only the next thing I knew I was in another one. And then there was the movie contract and—Mom, I was so lonesome, so lonesome.*

But how could he make her understand, when he knew she would say, "Why didn't you tell me? Your father and I thought you were happy. We only wanted your happiness."

All that petting and fussing—I felt like it didn't belong to me. All those people saying, 'ooh, what a sweet little boy, ooh, how talented, ooh, how cute'—they weren't talking about ME. *They were talking about the child-star, Dean Stockwell, the little darling. What did they know about* ME? *And I was scared that if I quit acting and just was me—no one would love me any more. Maybe not even you and Dad. How does a kid know? And then—when you and Dad—broke up—and he moved out—well, a kid gets mixed up. He thinks 'my father left because he doesn't love me any more' my father's smart, so he knows I'm a phony.' Mom, I'm older now, and I know that's not true, but I still don't know, and I have to know if people want me—for myself. It sounds corny, but Mom, I've got to find out. Now.*

His cross to bear

That was the way it went in his mind. But now, facing his mother across the table, he couldn't say a word of it. Maybe because he didn't want to hurt her, didn't want her to think she had failed him.

So he finally looked up at her and said, "I just want to go to college. That's all."

So that year, when he finished high school, he went to college. In the northeast, because his brother Guy lived there now and could keep an eye on him. But in Guy's neighborhood everyone knew about his kid brother, the actor. They liked the shy, good-looking boy, and wanted to make him feel right at home—so they fired away—with questions about Hollywood and praise for Dean's talent. But Dean didn't know it was their way of making friends. They were nice people. They just didn't know.

And on the campus, half the fellows fawned on him—and the other half turned their backs on "that snooty movie star." Girls he avoided, terrified of asking for a date—because maybe he'd get turned down. And if a girl did accept a date, something cruel in Dean's head buzzed over and over, *she's accepting just to tell her friends she went out with a movie star. She doesn't give a hang for me.*

One man, an upper classman, took him aside one day. "Let me give you a piece of advice. I have a friend who's a big track star," he told Dean. "He could never get away from it either. Learn to



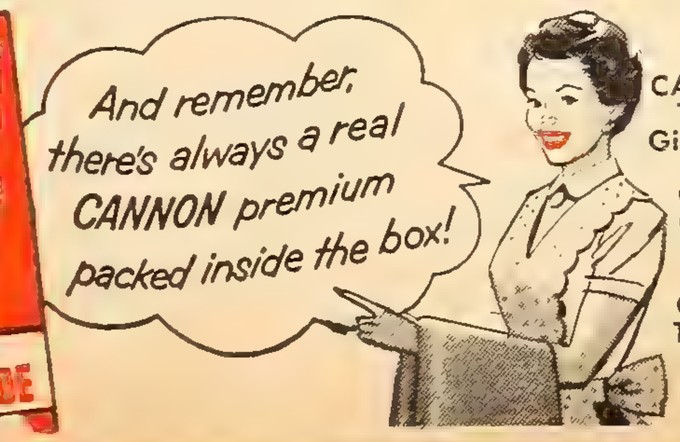
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Errol Flynn's QUIET Weekend

■ Errol was in New York recently for a weekend—a little relaxation in the big city. He checked into his hotel at midnight. Seven hours later, Errol's phone started ringing . . .

7 A.M. Lawyer phones to discuss catastrophes: summonses, alimonies, etc.

7:15 Hollywood producer calls about casting *The White Witch Of Jamaica*, in which Errol shares in writing and producing, as well as stars.

7:30 Girl calls who says she met Errol in New York two years ago—"Remember? I was the one wearing the *orchid?*"

8:00 Darryl Zanuck calls. Just in from Mexico; leaving for London, Paris, Stockholm, Los Angeles; back to Mexico—all in three days—"I just wanted to say *hello*," says Darryl.

8:25 John Ireland calls to see about going ice skating before lunch. "We could talk about *The White Witch*," he suggests cheerfully.

8:30 Teddy Stauffer, Hedy Lamarr's ex, calls. Hopes Errol will be best man at his marriage Sunday to Ute Weller. Errol accepts with a condition: "OK, but you'll have to use one of the gifts I gave you for the other three weddings." This is great with Ted.

8:35 Errol's agent calls. Will he do a TV panel show while in New York? Errol says *fine*, and they arrange for a Sunday night *What's My Line?* appearance.

8:50 WARNER BROTHERS. Does Errol want tickets to a film première next week? Declines. He'll be in Europe by then.

9:30 PUTNAM's calls—they're publishing his autobiography—"How's the book coming?" Errol answers, "I'm working on it right this minute. Call me tomorrow."

9:45 Huntington Hartford, the producer, calls to talk about *Richelieu*, pet Broadway project Errol's wanted to do for years. They arrange luncheon date.

10:15 Hollywood agent phones to ask if Errol would play Barrymore in *Too Much, Too Soon*. "No. Nobody but a Barrymore would dare play a Barrymore," Errol says firmly.

10:25 Sydney, Australia, newspaper calls to ask for serial rights to Errol's book, since he was born there. They offer $10,000.

"You're booked, but for 20 G's. Half the book's about Australia," Errol answers.

Errol picks up phone, puts it down, turns to his secretary, John. "Where's Gloria staying?"—Gloria Swanson, that is—"I want to wish her *bon voyage*."

John doesn't know off-hand, so Errol fires him. This doesn't seem to bother John.

10:50 It's Bob Evans, to say *hello*. Errol suggests he go ice skating with John Ireland.

11:00 Darryl Zanuck again. "The plane is delayed," he reports, "so I've decided to go to Nassau instead. How about meeting me there?" Errol declines with thanks.

11:10 German Consulate calls to invite Errol to Berlin in June for its *Film Festival*. Errol accepts, with one reservation, "If you invite my secretary. He speaks German." John reminds his ex-boss he's just been fired. Errol pays no attention.

11:30 Call from the coast. Ava Gardner. The first time she's been there in years and she's forgotten where to eat. Errol the Gourmet tells her of a Mexican spot in L.A.

Lawyer shows up to get promise that Errol will not get married or divorced for next five years. Lawyer rehires John "because he has too much on Errol"—and takes off.

11:45 John Ireland again. He's with Bob Evans but *without* ice. Does Errol want to go to Greenwich Village for spaghetti? Or maybe roller skating? Errol says *no thanks*.

11:50 Schoolgirl calls. Editor of school newspaper. Wants to interview Errol Flynn. Errol tells her, "wrong number." Suggests she try another, which he dictates. Hangs up. "Gary Cooper's number," he chuckles.

12:05 Hotel switchboard calls—young lady in the lobby to see him. "Hello, Mr. Flynn? I'm the girl who called this morning. You know, the one with an orchid two years ago at the New York party where we met?" Wonders if Errol is free for lunch. Errol throws wild look at John, collectedly explains he's very sorry, but he has just made luncheon appointment. Which reminds him to take off.

After hurried luncheon with Huntington Hartford and columnist Earl Wilson, Errol returns to hotel, enters a few sentences in tape recorder for biography, gets on phone.

Talks to Francoise Sagan in Paris and learns she's feeling better after her sports car crack-up. "I'm bringing you some California champagne," he says jokingly, "so you can drink imported stuff, instead of your domestic champagne."

The New York Times phones for interview. Errol recites Gary Cooper's number.

Phone rings. Picking it up, he hears roaring and engine noises in background.

"Hello, Errol? This is Darryl." He has to shout to be heard over racket. "I'm still at the airport. Nassau plane's making repairs. Say, I just had a whopper of an idea. Instead of heading South, why don't I take the plane with you Monday morning to *Europe*? It's a nice twelve-hour ride. We could talk about a new picture. . . ."

"Well . . ." says Errol.

"After a weekend of doing nothing," Darryl adds, "you'll be glad to talk business!"

Watch for Errol in 20th-Fox's The Sun Also Rises *and U.A.'s* The Big Boodle.

live with it, man. It's your cross to bear—stop fighting who you are."

"No," Dean said. "No. I'm going to shake it all right. Maybe—this just isn't the place."

At the end of his freshman year, he quit.

Always a stranger

"What will you do now?" his mother wrote, every word a little stab of worry and love. *"You are only trained to act—and you won't do that. Without a college degree—what* will *you do?"*

"I don't know," Dean wrote back. *"I have to look—for a while. Don't send me any money, Mom. I'll get along."*

He mailed the letter and watched it drop into the box. Then he walked to the railroad station. When the night was dark, he climbed into a boxcar and stretched out on the straw and waited. Hours later, the train pulled out.

Dean didn't know where it was going. He didn't care.

For three years, Dean roamed the country.

And at the end of three years, one night Dean Stockwell woke up in a cheap hotel room and found himself crying again.

He had proved nothing.

Oh, *he* had proved he could live on his own, take care of himself. Only he'd never doubted *that*. But his search had been for love, a search almost to find himself—and there he had failed. For who could love a boy who wandered into town and did a day's work and wandered out again? Who could get to know him, to like him for himself—or for any other reason? Was this the self he had been looking for, this wanderer who was always a stranger—everywhere?

With a scratchy hotel pen he wrote a letter. *"Dear Mom—I'm coming home . . ."*

Only she can end his search

Dean Stockwell's back in Hollywood now, making movies. But he never reads the reviews, the reviews that say how good he is. And as soon as he leaves the lot for the day, he forgets the world of picture-making. But even that doesn't help him.

So he lives alone, in his house near Griffith Park—the loneliest section of Hollywood.

In his own room he studies music and tries to write it. Not many people know that . . . as if he has a fear of sharing anything he really loves—because then it might vanish. At night he roams through the park, a silent, thin figure—looking for something he cannot find.

He dates once in a long while—never an actress, no matter how his studio pleads with him. But sometimes when the hunger for company is too great to stand, he will call a friend, or a girl.

He is marked with a loneliness, a longing for love, that sends him restlessly on in his never-ending search . . .

Among the movies Dean Stockwell made as a boy and has forgotten, was *The Boy With The Green Hair*. There was a song in that movie. It was called *Nature Boy*. And it described a very strange, enchanted boy, who wandered very far . . . searching for truth. At the end of the song, this strange boy tells what he has learned in all his wanderings and sufferings. It is this: *The greatest thing you'll ever learn, is just to love—and be loved in return.*

Somewhere there is a girl who will love Dean Stockwell, as he wants to be loved. Sometime they will meet, because work and friends and wanderings cannot find for him what he needs. Only she can do that. Only she can end his search . . .

END

Dean Stockwell can soon be seen in The Careless Years, *a Byrna Production released by U.A.*

ank God I'm home

ntinued from page 48) company which uld have been a lot of fun. Bruce was ever telling tall tales of high life in all world's capitals, and Michael Rennie tributed his own crazy stories about don, and Claude Daughin supplied the nch wit—usually wicked. As for Joseph nkiewicz the film's producer-director, always been one of Hollywood's best n spinners.

veryone was having a ball—except die. Oh, he loves jokes and laughter, right, but in Saigon he couldn't join All he could do was hole himself up, after day, in his hotel suite with its dows that looked out on nothing but treet he couldn't bear to walk along. ause walking in Saigon made Audie nder what *he* had ever been born . . . or fought for—ever since that first when he'd arrived, and decided he'd on a sightseeing tour and got all of feet before he was lost in a crowd of reaching hands, outstretched for ney; children looking at him with eyes such hunger that his heart began to ak. And he began to wonder if *this* what he had fought a war for. And he more a stranger than ever to good ls and a lovely home and a family of e and sons.

he next step for Audie's discovery e when he almost died—and wondered y he had been spared . . .

udie had gone to Hong Kong to do e shopping for Pam and the kids when doubled up with violent stomach mps—acute appendicitis.

ack in Saigon, director Mankiewicz re- ed a cable saying that Audie had been en to the hospital, operated on, and the tor estimated that he would need a four to seven week convalescent period. Worry set in. They all knew that with an ordinary appendectomy, the patient could be up and around the next day and out of the hospital within a week, but Audie was allergic to wonder drugs.

There was no telephoning. The telephone lines from Saigon to Hong Kong were open only an hour a day, and half the time you couldn't hear the party on the other end of the line anyway. It was Tuesday and the first commercial airline flight to Hong Kong was scheduled for the following Friday. In desperation, someone thought to call the Army. They reached General Williams, explained the situation, and the General said he had a military flight going to Hong Kong the next day and would arrange for an Army doctor and a representative of the company to be on board. Next day at dawn, they flew out, and flew Audie back with them. Audie was a real sick boy, and he looked it when he came back. He'd lost fifteen pounds and was terribly weak.

"How could I fight"

He was also depressed. What good was he? Who needed him? And now he'd let the company down, and they hadn't even started the picture yet! Because Audie never thought much of himself as an actor. Way down deep, he's had the feeling that people in Hollywood were giving him a break in movies because of his war-record, and not because of any acting ability. They tell the story that when Audie was signed to make *The Quiet American* he said to the director, "I'll be working under a great handicap in this picture, Mr. Mankiewicz."

"What's that?" asked Joe.

"No talent," replied Audie.

When he returned to Saigon after the operation, he saw the hungry kids again, begging in the streets. That was the afternoon he broke down, crying in the street.

"That was the afternoon," Audie will tell you, "when I first found out that maybe, in some small way, there *was* a reason for even me. And I could feel"—and here the kind of smile breaks out on his face that makes you think of a bright, warm sun suddenly bursting through a gray cloud—"well, I could feel like the road was a little familiar and I knew where I was going on it. . ."

Audie was crying, the uncontrollable tears falling from his eyes while small faces forgot their own hunger at the sight of this greater misery.

"And suddenly there was a strong arm around my shoulders," Audie remembers, "and such a gentle voice asking, 'My son, what troubles you?' He was a priest. He led me to his office, and he listened to me, and after a while his face began to blend into a huge poster hanging on the wall behind him—a poster I'd seen all over the states, begging people to remember the poor children of this war-torn earth . . . by becoming a part of the foster-parents plan. And all of a sudden I knew that it didn't really make any difference if I was pulling in the paychecks because of talent or because of my war record—what mattered was that *I had the money to spend.* And maybe—now—*that was how I could fight.*"

His heart knew

Maybe, now, *that* was Audie's reason for being. And if he had work to do, there was some special little place in the world that was all his . . . that was *home,* just for him. . .

Before he left Saigon, Audie adopted some of these poor children under the foster-parents plan. He drew a very large check for their care. "Only don't

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let me see any of them, or know any of their names," he said to the orphanage representative, "or I'll probably start bawling again."

The day he knew the company was pulling out of Saigon, to finish its shooting in Rome, Audie began to smile for the first time. Bruce Cabot, or maybe it was Michael Rennie, asked him if Pam was meeting him there, but he said *no*. "She shouldn't leave the children," he said. *But he reckoned without his heart.* His heart knew better; his heart knew he too had earned the right to happiness.

Rome was some twenty-eight hours away, as a plane flies. Audie came down at Istanbul and cabled Pam the hour he'd make the Eternal City. As he came into his hotel in Rome, her call was waiting for him. He picked up the receiver and heard her voice, for the first time in almost two months. Pam put Terry on, too, and then the clincher came.

Always before, Pam would say, "Daddy, this is Skipper, wanting to hear your voice." Audie would talk and talk, but not one word would his baby son answer. But this Roman evening, Skip piped up, "Daddy, when you come home, will you bring me a crocodile?"

Couldn't go on another week

His youngest son was suddenly old enough to know what the telephone was all about, old enough *not* to need his Mommy! Old enough to lend Mommy to his Daddy for a little while. And now Audie knew he too had the *right* to ask for what he wanted.

He heard himself speaking, "Pam, darling, come over here. I can't go another week without seeing you. The kids will be fine for a little while. Darling, fly here!"

Before they hung up, it was all arranged. Two days later, Pam was there, beside him, in Rome.

But it wasn't until they came back to California and were in their house in the Valley that Audie knew, deep within him, what had happened to them.

A reason for living

He stood in his own living room, with Pam in her favorite chair, and the kids playing in one corner, and he knew that he was home, in his own house, his own country. Terry had grown so tall, in the six months since Audie had seen him and Skip had stopped being a baby and was a little boy now. Pam was glowing from the closeness they had found on their second honeymoon.

This was homecoming, too, his second homecoming. This was the face of love, and now he felt whole enough to see it in all its glory. Man-fashion, Audie didn't say it that way. He expressed it by grinning at Pam, asking, "Know the name of my next picture?"

"Of course I do. It's *The Way Back.*"

"That's what I've found at last," he said softly, "the way back—a reason for living—and home . . . our home, you, the kids."

It was a very nice moment. But, in a way, what happened the next morning, was even better. For next morning Audie went and sold a batch of his quarter horses. He didn't discuss it with Pam and she asked no questions. But they both knew it was an admission that Audie had been following too many race tracks with them. Spending too much time away from home.

Deep in his heart, Audie whispered to himself, *"This is where I belong—always."*

END

Audie can soon be seen in U-I's Night Passage *and U.A.'s* The Quiet American.

barbara rush says

(*Continued from page 65*) which we thi can be a great help to all girls.

"Starting from the top," Barbara sa "I make sure that my hair is always cle shining and in perfect order. Straggli tresses just won't stand up under severe eye of the camera. If I am tween permanents I battle those wis ends and drooping neckline hairs with touch-up perm on the ends—this carry me through to my next perm great style. It keeps my hairstyle pre and easy to manage and saves hours time—and money."

"As to complexion care, proper and f quent cleansing is basic. There are se eral schools of thought on the just ri cleansing preparations for the ultimate skin cleanliness. I think all methods complish the same end if frequently properly used. I alternate soap and w ter, cleansing lotions and creams. E and effective cleansing can be acco plished in minutes with any of these pre arations with these little beauty tricks.

"When using soap and water I massa the soap into my skin and let it rem on for a minute or so. Then I smooth o nourishing cream—unless I use a sc with a cream base."

When I choose a lotion—I pour a lit into the palm of my hand and with fingertips smooth it on my face and ne Then I wrap my fingertips in cleansi tissues and remove the lotion thorough with slow, gentle upward and outwa strokes. This procedure removes eve last trace of dirt, grime and make-up."

"If I use a cleansing cream my technic is the same as for lotion except that I the cream here and there on face rat than first putting the preparation into palm of my hand. I smooth in the cre just as do a lotion. This speedy, gentle, smoothing brings up the circu tion and helps to cleanse the skin."

Now here are speedy little tricks B bara uses when applying lipstick.

"When applying lipstick I find that pays to do it very carefully and painsta ingly. Once applied properly lipstick remain on all day except for a mi touch-up after luncheon."

"Personally, I like a lipstick brush a clean and sharp outline but most gi are a whizz at outlining their lips with stick itself. It takes time to learn technique of lip brush application a while it is fun to do when you know h it is surely not a must."

"For lip makeup I always get bet results when I start with clean dry li Outline the upper lip first, fill with col Then do same on the lower lip. Full l are the vogue these days—so be in sty Allow color to set a minute or tw lightly blot off excess with tissue. T will keep your lipstick fresh and fla less for hours.

"Manicures can be great time-consu ers, but one simple trick cuts minu from the process. When removing pol save time and effort by putting a goo amount of remover on a pad of cot and press firmly on the coated nail. H a minute or so and remove the cott Most of the polish will come away. W applying a polish change give it the sa thought as you do when you are giv yourself a complete manicure. Cho the newest shade—put it on carefully a be sure to remove any polish that m have touched the cuticle."

"Being beautiful isn't easy when fine for a little while. Darling, fly her help you, as they have helped me. Y can probably add a few more, too, to ma Time and Beauty your allies!"

why tony and janet were scared

(*Continued from page 43*) said, thinking. She called out a couple of names.

"Great," Tony said.

She called out a few more.

"Great," Tony said.

She thought of another.

"Great."

Then she called out still another name. Tony didn't say anything this time.

Janet repeated the name. It was the name of an actor—a name you'd all know—a fellow about Tony's age who was very popular in movies when Tony was still an unknown; a fellow who has since slipped from the top, slipped badly and who now does occasional television work and nothing more. "You know him, Tony, don't you?" Janet asked.

"Yeah," Tony said, "I know him."

Janet turned around. There was something strange in Tony's voice as he said that. Now she noticed that his face looked kind of strange, too. He wasn't smiling any more. As a matter of fact, he looked downright glum. "What's the matter, dear?" Janet asked.

Tony didn't answer.

Janet put down her comb and got up and walked over to him. "You feeling a little sick or something?" she asked, putting her arms around him.

"Honey," Tony whispered, "do you mind if we don't go to this party tonight?"

"No," Janet said, "not if you don't want to."

The big party—that falls flat

Tony sat down on the bed. "I'm kind of knocked out from work today," he said, "and this cold I've got is acting up on me a little and . . ."

"And," Janet said, "somebody you don't like is going to be there."

"Sort of," Tony said.

"But you won't have to talk to him," Janet pointed out, taking Tony's hand. "There'll be lots of people there, lots of them good friends of ours and . . ."

Tony got firm now. "I just don't want to see this character," he said. "I don't want to be in the same room with him."

"But why, Tony?" Janet asked. "Why?"

Tony shrugged off her question.

Janet took his face in her hands and looked into his eyes. "I tell you everything, Tony," she said softly. "And you've always told me everything. It makes us feel better that way, all the more married that way—doesn't it?"

Tony nodded. He closed his eyes. For a long moment he was silent. Then he began to talk. "Well—" he started. And this is the story he told Janet that night. . . .

It all happened when Tony was nineteen. He'd been in Hollywood a couple of months when somebody phoned and asked him to come to a party the following Saturday night. He'd been lonely those first few months, very lonely—"It isn't that people were cold at the beginning," Tony said, "It's just that not many of them know you enough to take time out to make you feel welcome."

So he said *you bet* to the invitation and hung up before he had a chance to ask what he should wear.

Truth is, that wouldn't have mattered much anyway, because Tony had come to Hollywood with only one good suit, a sharp Bronx creation with padded shoulders and slightly-pegged pants and the stripiest stripes this side of SING SING, and like it or not that was the suit he'd *have* to wear come Saturday.

The star walked in

Tony was the first one to arrive at the party. The girl who was giving it, a director's daughter, was very nice. She showed Tony around the house, let him linger a while over the first real-live private pool he'd ever seen, made him a cool drink and sat and talked with him about life and Hollywood and himself in general, and then introduced him to each new batch of guests as they arrived.

Tony was having a great time. Even when he heard a girl whisper something to a friend about his hair being "awfully longish, don't you think?"—he thought *well-maybe-I-didn't-hear-right-and-besides-it-is-a-little-long*. And he continued to smile and be pleasant and mingle with the others, most of them kids about his own age who were either already in pictures or were trying to get in.

The star makes his entrance

The Star of the evening, Tony remembers, arrived last. And when he walked in, you would have thought it was a young emperor on a good-will tour come to say *hello* to the natives.

"Hi, everybody," The Star called out, flashing his then-famous smile.

Tony watched the goings-on from one end of the room for the next few minutes—the other kids all rushing up to The Star, telling him how great they thought he was in his last picture (his fourth straight hit), asking him what his plans were and suggesting that if he had some time in the near future why didn't they all get together again soon—maybe for dinner?—maybe for a swim?

Then suddenly, The Star—with drink in hand and smile on face——walked over to Tony and introduced himself.

"Anthony Curtis," Tony said introducing himself back, and feeling pretty good about someone as big a name as The Star coming over to him and going out of his way to be friendly and nice. "Real name's Schwartz," Tony said, "Bernard Schwartz. But my mom's maiden name is K-e-r-t-e-s and I thought I'd make it Curtis."

"Smart boy," The Star said, winking. He added, "My name happens to be my real name. It's the kind of name that goes well on a marquee—but if it hadn't been, let me tell you, I'd have been the first to suggest it be changed to something else. So don't ever let it bother you, Bernie. I mean. . . ."

"Anthony," Tony said, laughing.

"Anthony," laughed The Star.

For the next hour or so, Tony remembers, "This guy was being so nice to me it hurt. Every once in a while I'd say something to him, something that was a little on the funny side, and his laughter would roar out and then he'd turn and say, 'Hey, everybody, I want you to hear what Curtis just told me.' So I'd repeat it and everybody would stop everything and listen and then they'd laugh and after a while I thought I was the hit of the evening and that I was really a pretty witty and amusing guy."

His fists clenched

When The Star went to get himself another drink, Tony—very much elated and a trifle flushed over his success—walked out into the garden for some fresh air. The girl who was giving the party followed him out a few minutes later.

"Anthony," she said, "I—I had a very pleasant time with you when you first came tonight. . . ."

"So did I," said Tony.

"And—and I like you very much." The girl added, a little embarrassed about what she was going to say, "And—well, I just hate to see you being made a fool of like that."

"A *what* of?" Tony asked.

"Anthony," the girl hesitated, "Anthony, he was making fun of you. That's why he was friendly with you tonight, so he could

it whispers... "come closer"



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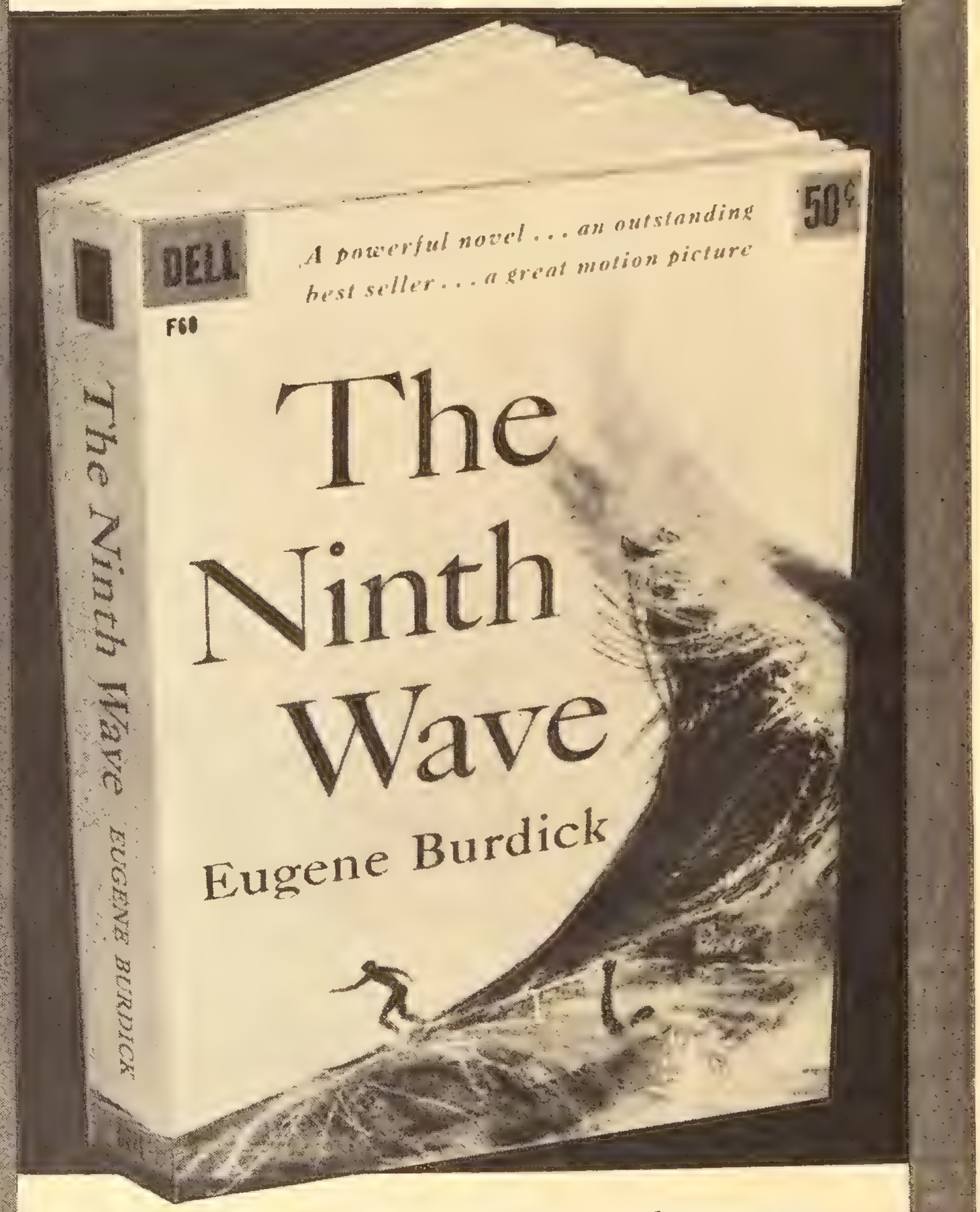
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have some fun—

"He thinks your accent is very funny, Anthony," the girl said, point-blank. "He thinks you have a very funny Bronx accent and he was just goading you on to talk so he could stand there and laugh and have all his friends laugh along with him.

"Anthony," the girl said, "the reason I'm telling you is so you won't fall for his . . ."

Tony began to walk back towards the house.

His fists clenched as he walked.

His fists clenched and his eyes focused on The Star standing near the window and his heart hurt so badly and his head burned so much.

"I felt like I could cry"

"Anthony," he heard the girl call out, pleading, from the garden. He walked right up to The Star. "I don't like your attitude," was all Tony could think of saying. "I don't like it a bit."

The Star smiled. "What's the matter?" he asked.

Tony spoke up. "Who do you think you are, anyway?" he asked.

The Star was the center of attraction again, and decided he liked it. He showed it with the smirk he gave Tony now. "I know who *I* am," he said. "Do you know who *you* are, *Bernie?*"

Tony's clenched fist landed square on The Star's jaw.

"When I got back to my apartment that night," he told Janet now, there in their bedroom, "I threw myself on the bed and I felt so bad I felt like I could cry. I couldn't figure out anybody who got his kicks from doing something like that—"

"The way I've felt about him since that night is why I don't want to see him again."

Her first Hollywood cocktail party

Janet didn't say anything for a few minutes. Then she began to stroke Tony's hair and she mentioned a girl's name.

"Did you ever hear of her, Tony?"

"No," Tony said, "I don't think so."

"Well," said Janet, "she's going to be at the party tonight. I know that for a fact."

And then she told him a little story she'd never thought of telling him before. "It happened this way," Janet began—

She'd been in Hollywood only a couple of weeks when she was notified that she'd been given an important role in the movie *Romance Of Rosy Ridge*. That was in the morning. Later, she was invited to a cocktail party being given that evening—Janet's first Hollywood cocktail party, and she couldn't have been more excited.

With thirty dollars she borrowed from her mother, she ran out and bought herself a new dress—green with huge white polka dots, she remembers. Then she spent seven of her last ten dollars for a new hat.

"How are you getting to the party, dear?" her mother asked as she was getting dressed in the bedroom of the small apartment into which they'd just moved.

Her eyes glued to the meter

Janet hadn't thought about that. The hostess had said nothing about anybody dropping by to pick her up. And she never

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ught of phoning her new studio and ing them to send a car. "Gee, Mom, I n't know," she said. She brought her ger up to her chin. She thought for a ment, then said, "I can take a taxi. e got three dollars. That's plenty!"
But isn't Beverly Hills far from here?"
Not very," Janet said, as if she knew r way around the movie capital.
She kissed her mother good-by, bounded wn the steps, got into a cab.
Place you wanna go is way up in the ls," the driver said as soon as they'd ken off.
Must be pretty," Janet said, smiling, ting back to enjoy the ride. Until she ard the meter give a little click, and mp to sixty cents. *'And we've just gone few blocks!'* Janet thought.
From that moment on, it was to heck th the scenery; her eyes were glued to e meter.

lease—stop this cab"

Soon, very soon, there was another click. en another, and another, and another. One dollar and ninety cents.
Janet began to get jittery. She took a ep breath and said, "Driver, are we al- st there?"
Click.
"Haven't even hit the hills yet, Ma'am," answered.
After three more fast clicks she opened r eyes wide and said, "Driver—please— you don't mind, will you stop this cab the next corner?"
The driver pulled over.
Janet opened her purse and took out r three dollar bills. She checked the eter. Two dollars and thirty cents. "You ep twenty cents," she said to the driver, en asked him if there was a bus or mething she could take to the party with r remaining fifty cents.
The driver said there was. Three busses, a matter of fact, he said—and she'd have take them all.
It was nearly an hour and a half later hen Janet arrived at the party. The bus op was about half a mile from the swank use where the affair was being held, and ecause Janet wouldn't hitch a ride—she rned down three offers, she remembers she walked. She looked as pooped as she lt by the time she walked up the long iveway to the house.
Her feet hurt.
Her dress was wrinkled.
Her hair had begun to string.
But she'd made it—her first Hollywood rty—and she wasn't going to let any- ing spoil it.
One of the assistant directors on *Rosy idge* spotted her as soon as she walked . He rushed up to congratulate her on etting the part and then he rushed her ver to the buffet table. And before long, ord got around the crowded room that he was the girl who'd just been given that mportant role in the new Van Johnson ovie. Most of the people, Janet remem- ers, were extremely nice—full of sincere ishes for the best of luck.
And then, while everybody was standing round her, a girl we'll call The Starlet ame up to say *hello*. The Starlet had ested for the *Rosy Ridge* role, too—need- ss to say had no special love for this retty new thing with the perfect face nd the fabulous figure.
"So you're Janet Leigh," she said. "I eard about your good news this morning. ongratulations."
"Thank you," Janet said. "Thank you so much."

verybody was staring

"And how adorable of you," The Starlet dded, with a malicious smile, "to wear a stume from *Rosy Ridge*. That *is* a hill- illy costume you're wearing?"



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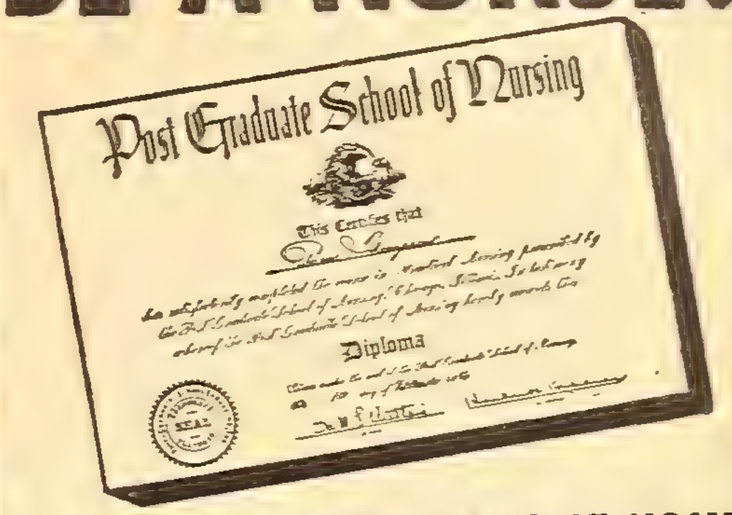
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Janet hadn't been around long enough to slice back. She just stood there, defenseless—and hurt.

The Starlet smiled again. "Janet dear," she said, squinting a little, "haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"I don't think so."

"It's funny, but—" The Starlet snapped her fingers. "Of course. Down the road. On my way here—when I was driving down the road. Same dress, same hat, same color hair. . . ."

"*Walking* to the party?" someone called out.

"Well," Janet flushed.

"You didn't come by *bus?*" The Starlet asked.

Janet felt as if everybody in the room was staring at her, waiting for her to answer. *'I'll say that my car had a flat,* she thought, *and I had to get out and walk the rest of the way.'* But suddenly she noticed that more than a few of the eyes that were gazing at her now were sympathetic eyes, and she realized that those same eyes had probably looked down and seen the dirt of a long road before; and probably looked down into a pocketbook or wallet once and seen not much more than three one-dollar bills; and probably been confronted by a Starlet-type haughty face and biting tongue at one time or another. Those eyes, those kind and sympathetic eyes, were waiting for her to answer now—maybe even waiting for her to answer for all of them, for all those remembered times in their own past, when they hadn't been able to. "I started out in a taxi," she heard herself say, "but I ran out of money, so I took a bus . . . and then I walked the rest of the way."

"And from that moment on," Janet told Tony now, "I had a very good time at the party and everybody was very nice to me and I could have come in a riksha for all it mattered to them or peddling a bike!"

"And this girl," Tony said, "this girl who came up to you. . . ."

"She's had a few bit parts in pictures in the last couple of years," Janet answered. "You might recognize her if you saw her."

"And she's going to be at this party tonight?" Tony asked.

"Yes," Janet said.

"And you don't mind going?"

"No."

Happy tears

They sat there for a while, on the bed, the two of them. Their toy white poodle, Merci, sauntered into the room, looked around, and saw that nothing much was happening and sauntered right back out.

Finally Tony spoke up. "I guess," he said, staring straight ahead, "that if you really think about it, you end up feeling sorry for them more than anything else."

He thought for a little while more. Then he turned and kissed Janet—and smiled. "Honey," he said, "do you still want to go tonight?"

"Well," Janet said, "I didn't exactly get dressed like this to sit home and watch TV."

"Okay," Tony said, jumping up from the bed. "We go!" He rushed over to the dresser for a clean shirt. "We go!"

"Swell," Janet said. She got up, too, and walked back to the dressing table. She picked up a tissue and pretended that she was dabbing at the powder on her cheeks. She didn't want Tony to see that she was wiping a few happy tears from her eyes.

END

Janet can soon be seen in U-I's Badge Of Evil, *RKO's* Jet Pilot *and U.A.'s* The Vikings. *Look for Tony also in* The Vikings. *He's currently in U.A.'s* Sweet Smell Of Success *and U-I's* The Midnight Story.

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audrey and mel's garden of love

(*Continued from page 40*) couch, her back very straight and tight, her voice high. "I don't want to wait. I want to go now. Oh, Mel, I lived through it, I know how terrible it is. And I can't do it again. Please —darling—take me to—to New York, or Hollywood—or anywhere out of Europe. I'm so afraid . . ."

"So," Mel said softly. "So that is it." Suddenly he held out his arms, and with a little sigh, Audrey went into them, burrowing her face into his shoulder. Mel folded his arms tenderly about her. "So that is it," he whispered. "My poor baby. My sweet, frightened love."

"You'll take me?" Audrey asked, her words muffled. "We'll go, Mel?"

For a long moment there was silence in the room. Then, gently, Mel disengaged himself from Audrey's clasp. Carefully, as if he were handling a rare and precious bit of glass, he settled her back against the cushions, and stood up.

"Listen to me, my love." His voice was steady and soft. "For a long time, I've known that you were afraid. Even when we lived outside of Rome, in our beautiful villa—loving it, happy there, knowing such peace—still, sometimes—I saw your face when you looked at the mountains in the distance. I saw the shadow of fear, the wonder. I knew it in Switzerland, too, that even when we were far from everyone on a mountain-top—I knew you were frightened. And that time the plane landed in Munich for refueling—when was that?—and you wouldn't get out to talk to the reporters or take a walk—because you said you'd vowed never to set foot on German soil—I knew nothing was over, or dead, or forgotten for you—no matter how bravely you talk."

On the couch, Audrey sat very still, watching him. Her breathing became less frantic. Her hand pulled absently at her collar, straightening it. Her eyes never left his.

"I want so much to pay my debt"

"And in a strange way," Mel said slowly, "in a strange way, I'm glad. Because, Audrey—it gives me a chance—to give you a gift. A real gift. Not—not courage—because God knows you have that already. But a gift of—acceptance. Maybe that's the word. The ability to *accept*, to take what comes—without any old, leftover fears or hates.

"And I've wanted for so long to give you something like that—something deep and true. In so many ways you're perfect, my love. You've given and given to me—and now it's my turn."

Suddenly he was on his knees before her, his eyes pleading. "Audrey—love—I know you're frightened. But I swear to you—I don't think there will be a war. Not now. And if for one moment I change my mind—we'll be on the next plane to America. I promise. But right now—give me this chance. I want so much to pay my debt a little."

Audrey lowered her head. Anxiously, Mel watched her. A second went by, then another. Finally she looked up at him. She moistened her dry lips. She attempted a small smile, and almost made it. "I don't know what it is you think you owe me," she murmured. "But if you want me to stay—a—a little longer—I'll try . . ."

Do you remember?

Mel sighed. Then he smiled. "So you don't know, eh?" he said. He rested his head on Audrey's knees. Then he went on: "I'll try to remind you. Do you remember these words: *'A home, a family?'*

ANNE BAXTER'S eighteen-year worry



■ Anne Baxter is beautiful and talented—and, for eighteen years, she worried abou what happened back in 1939. She doesn' have to worry again. Anne, who was thei sixteen, heard about it, heard that ther was a part for a girl about her age, an she tried out for it. It was *The Philadel phia Story*, with a glorious cast headed b Katharine Hepburn, Joseph Cotten, Shir ley Booth and Van Heflin. Anne won th part of the young girl in the play.

She went to the first rehearsal on cloud. But, on the third day, she notice some of the cast and the production sta talking in a corner. She could tell, fron the way they kept looking at her every fe seconds, that they were talking about he

After the day's work was over, the pro ducer called her. He was very kind, ver gentle, very considerate. It seemed they decided she was too old for the part, tha they felt a much younger girl would fit th story line better. It had nothing to do wit her acting ability, he insisted; it was jus one of those things. At sixteen, she was to old.

Anne went home in tears. Her famil and her friends could not convince or con sole her. She was fired. No matter what th producer said, she was convinced that h fired her because she was no good.

As the years went by and she blossome into the beautiful woman she is today, tha worry stayed with her. She won an Osca —but still remembered being fired. Sh was acclaimed as one of Hollywood's bes actresses—but never forgot the time tha the producer had told her sorry, he couldn use her. She could never get over the fee ing she had been fired because of lack o talent.

Last fall, at a party, she met the pro ducer of *The Philadelphia Story*.

"Tell me," she asked, "I'm old enoug to be told the truth now—why did you fir me? Honestly, please."

"Anne," he said, "I fired you becaus you were too old for the part. Honestly."

At last, Anne knows the truth. It's a eighteen-year-old load off her mind.

Anne's currently in Paramount's Th Ten Commandments.

emember, Audrey? We were sitting in
at restaurant in New York, talking
bout getting married. And I said: *'A*
ome, a family . . .'"

It was a small restaurant, and very
uiet. Mel and Audrey came there often,
relax in the quiet brown darkness—
here the bright glare of publicity could
e forgotten for a while.

They were in love. Already their friends
new it, and the newspapers were begin-
ing to remark about it. Audrey had had
orried letters from her mother, talks
ith a dozen "friends," anxious to tell her
at Mel Ferrer was a spoiled, self-cen-
ered, neurotic and much-married man
ho could never make her happy, whose
areer could never equal hers, who was
o old for her anyway. But she had ig-
ored them for a simple reason, she knew
el better than they did, and she knew
ey were wrong. Besides, she loved him.

I can't marry you"

She wanted to marry him. She had told
im so, only the night before. Her eyes
ad danced. "I want to give you every-
ing you haven't really had," she had
ied. "A home and children—I know
ou've had that before, but only in bits
nd snatches. I'll give you them better. I
ant to cook for you and fetch your slip-
ers and let you know every way that I
ve you, every way a woman can."

But instead of rejoicing with her over
eir wonderful future, Mel had held her
ery close for a moment and then said,
We have to talk. Meet me at our booth
morrow night. Six o'clock."

And then he was gone.

She met him at six. He smiled at her
nd reached across the rough wood table
nd took both her hands in his. And he
aid, "A home and a family . . . that's what
ou want, isn't it?"

"That's what every woman wants," she
aid. "A girl spends her whole life killing
me till she has that."

He nodded. And then he said: "I can't
arry you, Audrey."

"What?" she cried. "What?"

nother failure

"Listen," he said desperately, pressing
er hands till they hurt. "I can't give
ou that. Do you understand? That's
hat I can't give you. Oh, I've been up
ll night, thinking about it. And you
now, for the first time I know—*I know*
—where my—my former marriages went
rong. Right on those words: Home and
amily. What I always wanted. What
he—the women who loved me—always
ried to give me. And then when I had
o go to Mexico, when I had to go to
rance, when I went to Hollywood to
ake a movie or got into a show in New
ork and worked all night and slept all
ay—we'd always pretend that as soon
s this particular thing was over, we'd
omehow get back to normal. But we
ouldn't. They did everything for me.
ut what did I really do for them? I'd
ome home finally—but was I a husband?
as I a father? Did I even know what
y kids were doing in school? No, how
ould I? Always we'd say, 'Tomorrow
ill be better.' And then tomorrow I'd
et a call: 'Come to Timbuctoo, we have
part for you.' And I'd go. I had to go.
had to earn money to keep the home and
he family together, didn't I? And always
ursing myself, saying: Why aren't you
ome where you belong, why are you
lone in some crummy hotel? And I'd run
ome—to a woman I no longer knew, a
ouse I didn't know my way around. Until
t was too much and we called it quits and
'd try again with someone else—and
here would be another failure."

"Mel—" Audrey said.

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"No, don't stop me. I'm telling you the truth. And now I want to drag you into it. Oh, I should have my head examined. Where'd I get the nerve to ask you to marry me? I've got nothing to offer you but misery. A home and a family—you've got a right to those, Audrey. Even with your career you could have them. But with *both* our careers—no."

He bowed his head. Across the table from him, Audrey stared at her hands for a long time. Finally, Audrey said, "You've done a lot of talking. Now it's my turn. Mel—I believe you. I think I always knew it. Even last night, when I said what I did—it was more like dreaming than like planning. I knew all along. But you can't get rid of me so easily. Because there's just one thing you left out. You said the—women who loved you did everything—and it didn't work. But they didn't do everything. They didn't give up anything for you . . . they gave *you* up instead when they couldn't have both. But I'm not like them. I want *you*. That's all. I want a home—but I don't want it if you're not in it. I want children—but not if you aren't their father. If I have to make a choice, Mel—I take you." She laughed suddenly. "I've never had a home in my life, you know. I guess I can get by another few years without it. But I've never had a love like this before, either—and without that—I'd die."

The greatest sacrifice

She meant it, every word. And he knew it. With a heart full of love and gratitude he saw her make the greatest sacrifice she could—and show him in the greatest way, how much he was loved.

And in every small way, after their marriage, she proved it again and again. She adored the villa near Rome—but she never suggested buying it. When the time came for them to leave, she packed two trunks in secret—full of ashtrays, pictures, towels, silver candlesticks. And when they moved into a hotel room for two weeks in Paris to make a film, or another hotel for a month here, a month there—before she hung up her clothes or washed her face, she ran about their suite, collecting the hotel-stamped glasses and towels and ashtrays, the postcards and blotters, and shoving them out into the hall. Then she would open those trunks and take out the things that turned the hotel room into their Roman villa—the cherished things that make a home. She would unpack their records and fill the air with their music, their lives.

Wherever they went, she created beauty and love—and a home.

A sudden stab of pain

Sometimes she would speak wistfully, dreamily, of a house on a cliff, perhaps in California, perhaps in Switzerland. And Mel would feel a sudden stab of pain. But then he would be called to the Riviera for a film, and Audrey would cry out joyously—"I have a whole month free. I'll be packed in an hour—we can leave tonight. Oh Mel—I'm so glad we don't have roots yet!" And he knew there were no tears behind her smiles.

And once he heard her say quietly—without dramatics—to someone who asked if she didn't long to settle down, to have ties and roots and a place to belong, "Wherever Mel is, I'm home."

And he knew she had given him a perfect gift.

Now, holding her in his arms in the Paris hotel, it was his turn.

How he did it, how he helped her conquer her fear of war, no one ever really

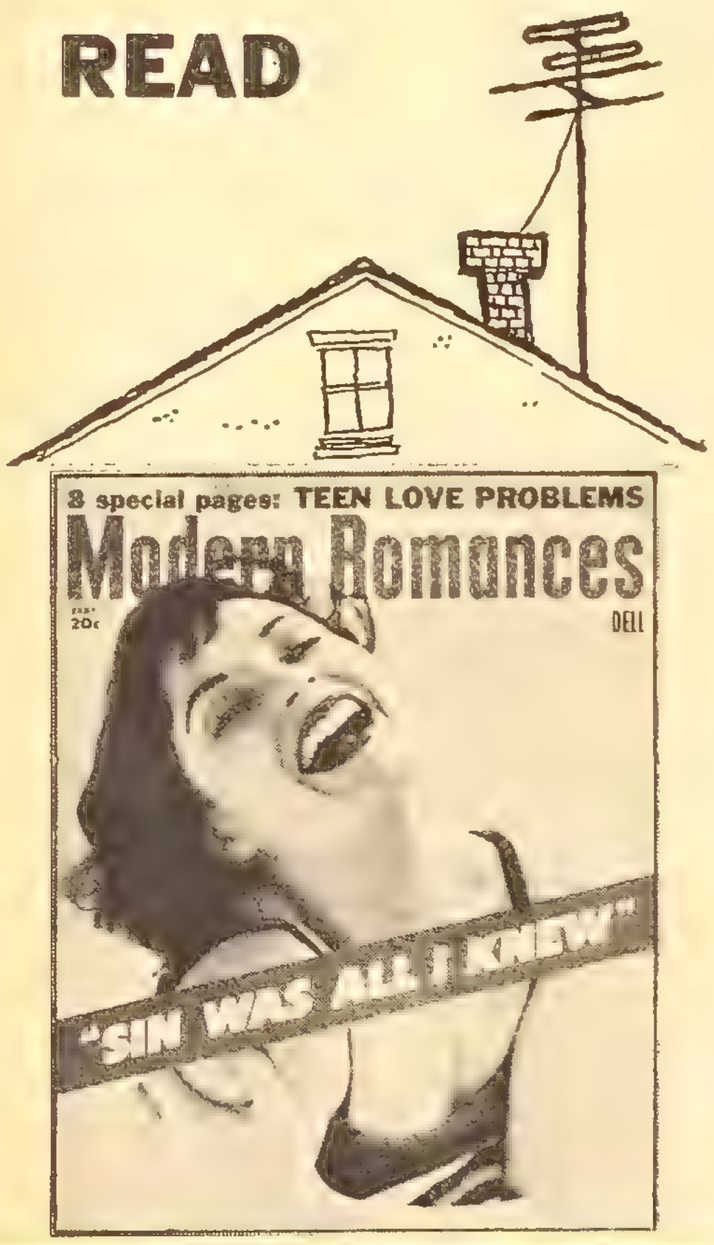
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knew. Some said it was in the way he looked at Audrey, with a quiet look of love and peace—a look that stayed with her even when Mel was gone and she shut her eyes alone in the dark. For at this time, of all times, he had to leave her—their first real separation, while she stayed in Paris for *Love In The Afternoon,* and he flew to the south of France for *The Vintage.*

The sound of his voice

Some said it was the sound of his voice every morning—for she would wake to the ringing of the telephone and his "Good morning, darling"—a voice from hundreds of miles away, telling her that another night had been passed in safety. And at night before she switched off the lamp above the big double bed, the phone would ring again and she would pick it up to say sleepily, "Mel? I had such a lovely day. . ."

He never let her feel alone. He made their love a bond stronger than a house could ever have been—a secure bond across the continent, for her to hold onto when she felt afraid.

Or maybe it was the way he took her in his arms when, every weekend, they were reunited for Friday-through-Sunday. Not as he used to, with longing and need, but rather almost the way a father opens his arms to a child and offers protection, and security.

Or maybe it was the tangible things he did: leaving instructions at the studio that his wife was to be allowed to rest in the afternoon because she always was fragile; that she was to be fed exactly this and that and nothing else; that if problems came up, he was to be bothered, and not she.

Somehow, out of all this, from Mel's warm protective love, a miracle happened. One of Audrey's close friends put it into words. "You've no idea how Audrey has changed. She used to be so flighty—just a bundle of frayed nerves. Now she's suddenly so calm, so easy.

And late one afternoon, as they walked together in the gardens near their hotel in Paris, she was able to thank him for what he had done.

"I'm no longer afraid," she said. "The past is the past, and now is now. You've taught me that." Then, before he could interrupt her, she continued, skipping around him as she talked, smiling up at him like a child. "Today something wonderful happened, something that made me really *see.* I wandered down a little side street, somewhere I'd never been before. It was dirty and crowded and the people were very poor. For a second I closed my eyes—and when I opened them again the pavements weren't dirty but they were covered with grass, the greenest grass I had ever seen. And the street wasn't filled with sad ragged people. Suddenly all of them were laughing and happy. And there were flowers and trees everywhere, just like in this garden. And then I knew the secret—your secret. When I really accept the world as it is, everything *is* beautiful and nothing can hurt me."

Audrey stopped talking for a second and stood in front of Mel. Then she said quietly, "I know it's crazy, but it happened. Do you understand?" And Mel put his arms around her and smiled, a great big happy grin. "It isn't crazy. And I do understand."

And then he bent down and kissed her.

END

Audrey is currently in Paramount's Funny Face *and Allied Artists'* Love In The Afternoon. *Watch for her in Warner Bros.* The Nun's Story *and 20th Century-Fox's* The Diary Of Anne Frank.



CHARLES BOYER and the SATURDAY MATINEE SERIAL

■ "I don't say I was a boy genius," say Charles Boyer, "but I did have a remarkable memory.

"My proud parents, of course, though I was destined to be a big success in business. My father, who manufactured farm implements, was *positive* of it when I was only five years old: *I had memorized everything in our catalog,* knew exactly what we had in inventory from month to month, and had memorized the name and address of every customer and every employee we had.

"But when I grew up and showed a remarkable memory in my school work the family dreams became grander. I should study law, they decided, and become a famous attorney. And of course I would become a *famous* attorney, they knew. Maybe I would even be a Professor of Law . . .

"Then," continues Charles with a smile, "their ambitions graduated to politics. When I was ten years old, you see, I had memorized the name of every French Primiere for fifty years. That is a feat of memory no one has yet equalled on the *$64,000 Question!*

"Our village priest got into the act, I recall, when I memorized a very long and complicated religious work for Easter Week: obviously, I was priesthood material.

"An uncle of mine who was a surgeon decided I should follow in his medical footsteps: understandable if you've ever looked at an anatomy chart!

"Of course I disappointed them all when I became an actor. But they should have known all along that I would. The subject on which I would have been tops as a quiz kid was not the farm machinery business or law, or politics, or religion, or medicine.

"I was pretty good at those things, but what I *really* knew from A to Z was—everyone who had ever played and everything that had ever happened in America's wonderful adventure serial, *The Perils Of Pauline!*

"The Saturday Matinee serial was as much a part of a little French boy's life as it was of a little American boy," the Monsieur Boyer explained, a nostalgic smile on his face.

hnny, is this story true?

ontinued from page 45) said, "the way
ey cut it up and everything."
That's nature," Johnny said.
Yeah, I guess so," the girl said back.
e looked at her girl friends.
hey all agreed silently that she wasn't
ting anywhere and that she'd better
ne on. "G'bye," the girl said.
So long," Johnny said. Then he stared
y down into the paper lunch bag he'd
ought with him to see what his mother
d put in for dessert. He grinned. It
s a *sfogliatella*, a flaky, cream-filled
stry left over from yesterday. His fa-
rite.
He pulled it out and took a big bite.
was really enjoying it and still grin-
g to himself when he looked up and
eyes met hers.
She was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen,
or out of the movies. She was small,
y small, and she had kind of red hair
d her eyes looked as if they might be
een and gray at the same time. She had
t sat down at the table across from his
d she, too, was alone. She looked around
cafeteria for a moment, as though she
n't know the place too well and wanted
get used to it. Then she looked down
o her tray and began to eat.
Johnny chewed much slower on his
gliatella now. Trying not to look as if
were looking, he watched the girl from
corner of his eye. He'd seen a lot of
tty girls before and they'd affected him
all sorts of different ways. But this one
th the gray-green eyes and the red hair,
s one really made the blood rush
rough the inside of him, from the head
the toes and back again.
Johnny decided after a few minutes that
s definitely was her first day at New
RECHT. She was wearing a green dress
th white stripes, the kind of pretty dress
u don't just wear to school on any old day.
d he decided, too, that she'd probably
ved into one of the area's better neigh-
rhoods, because plunking down fifty
nts to eat lunch off a tray instead of bring-
g sandwiches in a bag doesn't mean that
u're exactly poor. "Unless her mother's
k or something," he thought to himself
a moment. He sneaked a look at her.
e was cutting one of those paper-thin
ces of roast beef they always serve in
hool cafeterias. She cut it very elegantly,
e she was at a society party for Mrs.
ckefeller and Aly Khan, her right pinky
sed just a little bit. Johnny shook his
ad. "No," he decided to himself, "her
ther isn't sick."

ell her to come over here"

She was sipping her milk from a straw
little while later—still very elegant, still
oking down into her tray—when the
venty-seventh Street Boys sidled over
his table. Johnny, who lived on
eventh Avenue, about six blocks from
is gang, knew them only vaguely. He
ew that they were a very small and
clusive bunch of bums, that they showed
at school only when they felt like it,
at they'd been to the local police station
out as many times as most kids go to the
ovies, that the only time they took baths
as when they went down to Coney Island
the summertime, and that their leader
a twenty-year-old tough who was still
his freshman year—was called Scar,
hich was short for Scarface, in honor of
ree proud and tiny stitches he'd had
ken on his forehead one night after a
rticularly rough tussle with the *Seventy-*
ird Street Boys.
They all looked over at Johnny and
dded. Then they stared at the new girl.
"I found out, Scar," one of the boys said,



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talking loudly enough so she could hear, "she lives on Bay Parkway. Pretty ritzy, hah?"

"Yeah," said Scar.

"She used to live in The Bronx," the informer went on, "and her and her family moved down here Saturday."

"Yeah?" said Scar.

"If you want to meet her, Scar, I can go up to her now and tell her who you are," another boy said.

"Yeah," said Scar, smiling, "and tell her to come over here when she's finished eating."

"Meet me at six o'clock"

Johnny watched the volunteer get up and walk over to the girl. He watched as the boy said something to her, as she looked over at his table and caught a glimpse of Scar, his dirty sweat shirt and his dirtier face, as she looked away trying to hide her fear.

The boy was back at the table a few moments later. "She said she doesn't want to come over here, Scar," the boy told his chief.

"No?" said Scar.

"But," the boy said, quietly this time, so she couldn't hear, "she lives near Seventy-eighth Street and if maybe you want to meet her on the way home tonight . . ."

"What time's her last class?" asked Scar.

"I don't know," the boy said, "but all the creeps'll probably go to that special assembly they're having tonight and that's over at six."

Johnny watched Scar now as he got up from the table. "I'm gonna go home now for some sleep," he announced to the others. "But a couple of you meet me after at six o'clock by the back of the Hollywood. I wanna make some introductions by the back of the Hollywood."

"Okay, Scar . . . sure," the boys grinned.

The Hollywood is two blocks away from the school. It was a movie house at one time and now, stripped of its seats, it's used as a weekend dance and meeting hall. The front of the Hollywood is on New Utrecht Avenue, busy with its stores and people and elevated railway tracks. The back of the Hollywood is on Seventeenth Avenue, much darker and much quieter and with many less people walking around, especially at six o'clock on a black January night.

The back of the Hollywood is where Scar, as pre-arranged, met two of the other boys that night. It's also where, hidden in the shadow of one of the rusty exit frames, Johnny waited.

Looking for trouble?

The wind was blowing too heavy and high for Johnny to hear what the others were saying. But after about ten minutes of waiting he got the general idea. That special assembly at the school had been out for a while now and quite a few of the kids who lived in the Bay Parkway-Seventy-eighth Street area had begun their walks home, past the Hollywood, across Seventeenth Avenue and on. The girls walked in twos and threes. Then came a girl, alone, the pretty girl with the red hair. The girl from the cafeteria. She was walking fast, her books under her arm. She looked straight ahead as she walked, passing the Hollywood by a few yards till she got to the corner and stood waiting for a traffic light to change. Then one of the boys called out "Hey!" and she turned to look.

Johnny's eyes narrowed. He saw one of the bums rush up to the girl and grab her arm and begin to pull her toward the side of the old theater. He saw the girl try

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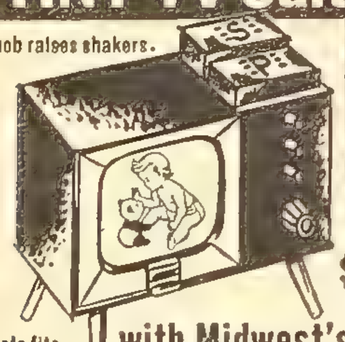


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to break away from his grip. He saw another boy rush up to grab the girl's other arm. Her books fell to the pavement, then her pocketbook. "Aw, c'mon," he heard one of them croak, "Scar just wants to give ya a little kiss." He heard the girl beg, "No . . . please . . . no." And then he saw them shove her, really shove her, back towards the old theater walls, back to where Scar was waiting.

Johnny got to them just as Scar, grinning a wild grin to his success, was putting his arms around the girl, trying to push her face up to his lips.

"Let go of her," Johnny said, clenching his fingers around the collar of Scar's coat.

"Hey," one of Scar's bums said, as he realized what was going on and reached for Johnny's arm.

Johnny's fingers clenched harder. "I said to let go of her," Johnny shouted.

"What're you looking for—some kind of bad trouble?" asked Scar's other buddy, grabbing Johnny's arms.

Johnny still doesn't remember exactly how he did it. He knows that he did some pretty wild kicking and punching for the next few minutes. He knows that he was down on the pavement more than he was up, that the funny thick liquid that he felt seeping through his teeth after one particular blow wasn't any ice cream soda, that the foot that came crashing into his groin at one point wasn't wearing any pink ballet shoes. And he knows and remembers best that after about three minutes of this three-to-one hassle he had forced Scar to let go of the girl, who fled now to the curb to pick up her books and pocketbook and then run across Eleventh Avenue, ignoring the light this time, and to safety . . .

That funny, nervous feeling

It was lunchtime, Tuesday, the next day, and he walked around the cafeteria trying to find her, wondering if she'd recognize him, wanting very much to find her and go up to her and introduce himself and say, "Maybe it was dark by the HOLLYWOOD last night and you don't remember me, but I'm the fellow who . . ." or something like that.

And then suddenly he stopped. He'd seen her. She was sitting at a far end of the cafeteria, at a far end of a long table. Again, she was alone. And there, right across from her, sat an empty chair—"and that place is for me," Johnny thought as he rushed over to grab it before anybody else did.

He was sitting directly across from his girl now. He spent the first couple of minutes clearing his throat as quietly as possible, hoping his swollen eye and bruised nose and chin didn't make him look too ugly, and setting his lunch up in front of him—ham and *Mozzarella* cheese on Italian bread, he remembers. Then, when some of the nervousness in him was finally gone, he looked up at her.

She looked up at the same time.

"Hi," Johnny said.

The girl smiled slightly, then looked down again and continued eating.

She *didn't* remember him from last night. "Well," Johnny told himself, his knees beginning to shake again, his hands finding it harder and harder to hold that big fat sandwich steady, "I guess I'm going to have to be the one to tell her if I'm ever going to get to meet her."

He laid down his sandwich. There was a little perspiration hanging out over his eyebrows. He managed to give the perspiration an unobtrusive wipe. He sat up a little in his chair. He felt himself leaning over a little. He wished more than anything that the girl would look up and back into his eyes so it would be a little easier for him to begin. What was taking



"THEY'LL KILL ME YET!" says Vic Mature

■ Maybe Vic Mature *looks* like a dar devil, but don't let that devil-may-ca manner fool you! "Fact is," says Vic, "th when it comes to wrestling with lions ar pythons, battling with sharks and croc diles, and otherwise risking life and lim for my art. I've had it!

"Sure the scripts always call for me win in these man-versus-beast bouts. B you never can be sure about those thin coming out according to the script!"

For instance, Cecil B. DeMille figured would make a great scene to have Vic k a lion barehanded in *Samson And D lilah.* "It's Jackie, the trained lion," D Mille reassured me. "Harmless as a kitten

Jackie was kittenish all right—all thr hundred pounds of him, which landed Vic's lap. Result: one badly bruised acto

In *The Sharkfighters,* Vic demanded th an underwater steel fence be built betwe him and the sharks. "Sure," Vic was r assured. "we'll even hook the man-eate on lines. And we'll drug them to ma them forget they hate people."

So what happened? There were shar in the ocean that hadn't read the scri but decided they'd like to be in the mov . . . And they were on the *other* side Vic, the side without a fence. One w 150 feet from where the scene was shot.

In the movie *Safari,* shot in East Afric Vic had crocodiles. "Absolutely safe! the crocs are downstream from you," sa the director. So Vic waded into the wat up to his neck. Next thing he knew, he w just fifty yards away from a croc and t distance was narrowing—because it w gliding upstream! A hunter shot him.

Incidentally, this picture was shot Mau Mau country. Before Vic left on t trip, the producer—safely sitting in London office—told him: "Nothing to worried about. All the Mau Maus are b tled up on Mt. Kenya."

"He didn't tell me," Vic explained lat "that location was on Mt. Kenya—whe the Mau Maus were bottled.

"All these adventure pictures have ma my skin tough but all I want is for it to *one* skin! The studio might love me, l those wild animals they keep casting with don't know me enough to care!"

Vic Mature's forthcoming pictures Columbia are The Most Wanted Wom Pickup Alley *and* The Long Haul.

m so long, anyway, and why was he
tting that funny, nervous feeling inside
him, when he'd spent half the night
acticing exactly what to say, what *had*
be said. "Lucille," a girl called, rushing
er just as his words were about to
mble out, "I been looking high and low
r you. Come on. There's a very good
iend of my boy friend's who I want you
meet . . ." And they were gone.
"You dope," he said to himself, sore, real
re, as he looked across the table at the
npty chair there. "You dope!"
He sat there, at the table, until the bell
ng and everyone began clearing out of
e big cafeteria. Johnny got up.
"You're gonna get one more chance," he
ld himself as he walked to his next
ass. "Just one more chance . . ."
At five that afternoon, Johnny waited
r her outside the Seventy-ninth Street
it. His plan was to catch her as soon as
e came out and say "Look . . ." and
en tell her how much he'd like to get
know her.
For the first time in a long, long time,
hnny was happy. It felt good standing
ere in the cold, waiting to see somebody
u really wanted to see, waiting to say
mething you really wanted to say.
He heard a rumble down the block, the
est End Express coming from Coney
land on its way to New York and to Times
quare. Johnny pictured himself and
ucille sitting in that train some Saturday
ght soon, all dressed up and holding
ands and on their way to RADIO CITY
aybe and having a Chinese meal before
e movie at that place near Sixth Avenue,
nd a nice cup of coffee and some of that
g cheese cake with strawberries at one
those places on Broadway after the
ovie. *It'll cost a lot of money,* he heard
e part of his mind say after he'd mapped
t the evening for himself and his girl.
what? he answered himself.

ar away, very far away

Lucille had barely opened the door and
epped out onto the sidewalk when
hnny began to walk up to her. He saw
er smile and saw her lips say *hello.*
He smiled back. "I . . ." he said.
"Hi," a voice behind him interrupted
im. A fellow, a tall fellow he recognized
s a basketball player on the school team,
ne of those big wheels with some kind of
ffice in the G.O. and with his picture in
e school paper all the time and with nice
othes and with about a hundred other
ings, was standing there, looking at
ucille.
"Hi," Lucille said. "I hope I'm not late."
"Naw," the tall fellow said.
Lucille shivered. "It's cold," she said.
"You want to go for a hot chocolate?"
e tall fellow asked. "There's a place up
e street. They make just about . . ."
Johnny didn't hear any more. Lucille
adn't been smiling at *him,* hadn't said
ello to him, hadn't even looked at him
r recognized him as the guy from last
ight or from lunch that afternoon.
He watched Lucille and the tall fellow
alk slowly down the street, talking and
aughing. He watched them till they got
o the end of the long block, to a dark spot
nder the elevated railway tracks. Then
e looked up. Another West End Express
as rolling by. It seemed to be moving
ore slowly than the other train had
oved. And its lights were dimmer.
nd instead of looking happy, this train
ooked somehow sad—as if Times Square
nd RADIO CITY and a girl holding
our hand and all that fun were far, far
way.
As Johnny turned to walk home, alone,
e wondered if he'd ever meet another
irl as pretty as Lucille . . . **END**

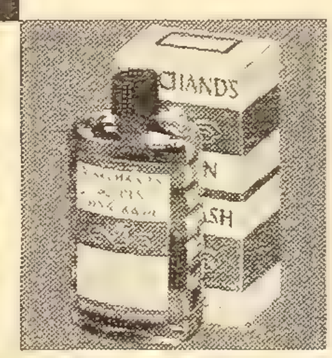
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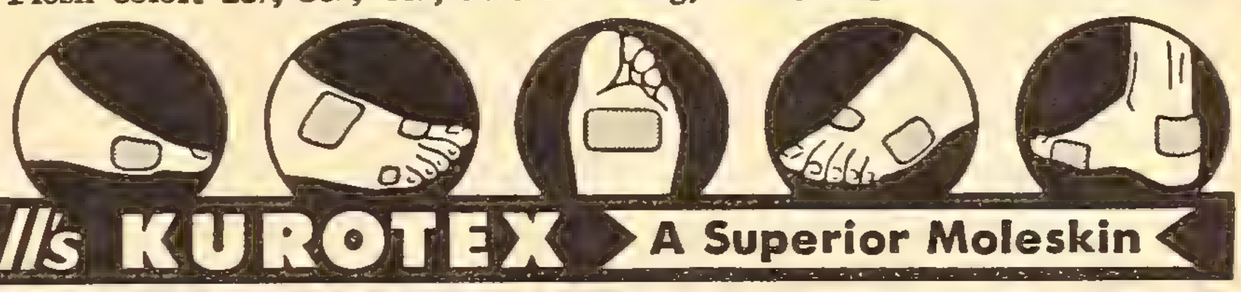
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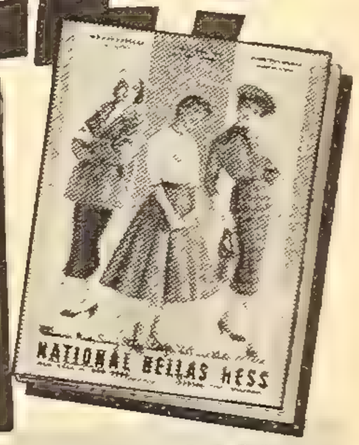
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CLINT WALKER—CLIFF DWELLER

■ The topic of dream houses had just come up, and Clint Walker drawls, "Shore, I got me some jim-dandy plans for a dream house. I guess you could call it sort of early-American."

Remembering the role of the Frontier Marshal which Clint plays in the WARNER BROS. *Cheyenne* series, you conjure up a picture of a long, low, rambling ranch house, rustic in appearance, with maybe a wagon wheel here and there for decorative effect.

That may be early-American architecture, western version, for some. But not for Clint. It's *real* early American he's talking about—America back in the days when the Indians were digging themselves homes into the sandstone cliffs of the southwestern part of the country.

Because Clint's dream house is a cliff house. Not a house built *on* a cliff, mind you, but a house built *into* a cliff.

"I got me a raise not long ago," he explains, in a drawl which is part southern-Illinois, where he was born, and part *Cheyenne*, in which he claims he was re-born. "And now I'm agoin' to look for just the right sort of cliff—a sandstone outcropping which will jut just far enough up out of the desert to give me room for my house at the tip.

"There are loads of old miners all around that country who can do the job for me, dig the rooms right into the cliff, like mine chambers. I guess I want the regular number—living room, dining room, kitchen, and probably three bedrooms. The living room and mebbe a couple of the other rooms will have great big picture windows, the glass set right into the sandstone walls, so that we can have a terrific view across the desert to the mountains beyond—for miles around.

"Then I want to have a sort of spiral staircase, up a vertical tunnel, from the house to the top of the cliff above, so that we can use that for a sun deck.

"Sure, it may sound a little cockeyed. But think of all the practical advantages. With walls feet thick, the place should be easy to heat during cool weather and it should be naturally air-conditioned during the hot spells.

"Furniture? A lot of it could be built in, or dug in, I guess you'd say. While they're digging out a wall, they just leave a sort of ledge the right height for a settee. Then I'll face it with some fancy smooth stone, and put great big cushions on top of it, and I got me a davenport. Everything else I want with rounded corners, and big and solid. Got me no use for those frail, flimsy things they call furniture now-a-days!"

Watching Clint stroll back onto the set as the director calls the actors together, you must admit he's got something there. It would just about take a house chiselled out of a solid stone cliff to be the proper setting for that six-foot-five-inch frame of his.

"I like things that are solid, and substantial, and massive," he says.

It figures!

can terry keep love alive?

(*Continued from page 60*) "Mr. McGrath!" the nurse called, and tall, dark Eugene McGrath walked in. He stopped about halfway to the bed. He was staring at Terry and Terry was staring at him, and the nurse quietly slipped out. Gene stood rigid for a moment. "Terry . . ." He tried to smile. But there was something about this room, something about Terry—always lively, always bubbling over, always laughing—Terry lying there in that bed like that—that stopped the smile short. He took her hand. "Terry, what's the matter?" He watched her as she tried to keep her lips from trembling too much, as she bit them and then finally said, "I want a divorce, Gene." He let go of her hand. "You want . . ." he started to say. But he didn't go on. He just stood there and looked down at his wife and waited for her—to reach for him and tell him that she was sorry, that she didn't mean it, that she wanted to get up and dressed and get out of this place and go home with him. . . .

A tall dark young man

It had been different that night of the party back in December, 1955—very different. There had been music in the background played by a three-piece combo and champagne and Terry in a pink tulle dress and pink shoes standing in a corner, talking and laughing with a couple of people, when she noticed the tall, dark young man looking over at her. She couldn't help looking at him a moment longer than she ordinarily would have. And she couldn't help the little catch of excitement she felt a few minutes later when John Wayne, their host that evening, walked over with the tall dark young man and said something about *I-want-you-to-meet-a-friend-of-mine*, introducing her to Eugene McGrath.

"You know," Gene said point-blank, "I asked Duke for this introduction."

"Really?" Terry said.

"Yes," Gene said, nodding. "And when I did, he said to me, 'She's not the kind of girl you want to know.'"

Terry felt her heart stop beating for a moment. "Really?" she said.

"Well, you get all that dizzy publicity," Gene said, "and I guess he figures you're some kind of wild kid."

"I guess," Terry said, trying to decide whether she was going to be sore as heck at this guy for talking to her like that or whether she was going to stand there and take it—so he wouldn't walk away.

"But," Gene went on, "the better I get to know you the better Duke'll get to know you, and he'll see how wrong he is."

"And we're going to get to know one another?" Terry asked, unable to hide a smile.

"Considering that you're coming out to dinner with me," Gene said, "I guess we're going to get to know each other a little—at least."

The way they'd never kissed before

Neither Terry nor Gene remembers exactly when it was they fell in love. But it happened sometime between that first exchange of words—made at about seven-thirty on that December night—and that moment shortly after midnight when Gene was standing at the door of Terry's house, saying goodnight. They'd arrived at the house about an hour earlier and had had coffee and cake with Terry's folks in the kitchen and now the evening was practically over and Gene, thirty years old and nervous as a kid, took Terry's hand and hemmed and hawed for a little while about look-at-all-those-stars and did-

u-really-enjoy-your-dinner? And then, ddenly, he took her in his arms and he sed her, the way he'd never kissed an- er girl before. And Terry kissed him ck, the way she'd never kissed another n. "I'd like to see you again," Gene ispered.
Yes," Terry said.
Soon," Gene said.
Yes," Terry said.
What's tonight?" Gene asked.
Friday," Terry said.
Will you come to dinner at my place on nday?" Gene asked.
Alone?" Terry asked, frowning slightly.
No," Gene said, softly. "I'd like you to ng your mother. I want her to get to ow my folks."
They kissed again. Then, holding him ht, Terry asked, "Where do you live?"
Panama," Gene said.
Terry thought for a moment. She'd been n in southern California and knew it ll. But she'd never heard of a town led Panama. "How do we get there?" whispered.
On my plane," Gene whispered back.
Oh," Terry said, nodding. Then some- ng in her mind went *boing!* and she ked up at Gene. "You mean Panama ere they have the canal?" she asked.
Yes," Gene said.
Terry began to laugh—softly at first, n more, then more, then more than 'd ever laughed before in her life. ene McGrath," she said, when she was e to talk again, "you are a loon."
And I love you," Gene said.
Terry buried her face in his chest, half ghing and half crying—she didn't know ich, she felt so strange, so warm, so ddenly mixed-up and good and con- ed and wonderful inside, all at the ne time. "And I love *you*," she said.

most fantastic week

The next week was downright fantastic. Sunday morning, Terry and her mom down to Panama and to Gene's tre- ndous home there—somewhere along line he explained that he was in the urance and real estate businesses and ng very well—and that night they had inner prepared by two chefs and served three maids alongside a swimming pool large the native Panamanians referred it as *el segundo canal*—the second ca-

On Monday morning, Gene asked Terry he'd like to see another of his houses. Terry said sure.
And so that night they were having din- in a small mansion in Caracas, Vene- la. And three nights later they were ing in Gene's apartment in New York's ank SHERRY-NETHERLANDS HOTEL. And Friday, exactly a week after they'd t, they were back in California.
Terry's mom was exhausted and headed aight for home. But for Terry and ne this was only the beginning. Terry s busy most days finishing up a picture. t every night at six on the button, ne was at the studio to meet her in his white convertible. Then they'd drive the ocean for dinner and go for a swim d spend hours on the golden sand and rry would tell Gene—how she'd never en so happy before in her life and Gene uld draw wedding bands in the sand d say that he was glad, very glad.
They were married secretly in Las Ve- on New Year's Eve, and the secret nained a secret for the next six weeks. ring that time, Terry and Gene traveled ne 70,000 miles together—Florida twice, racas six times, Panama five times, Las gas once and New York three times. d the couple moved around so fast and iously that most people had no idea at was up or who was where.

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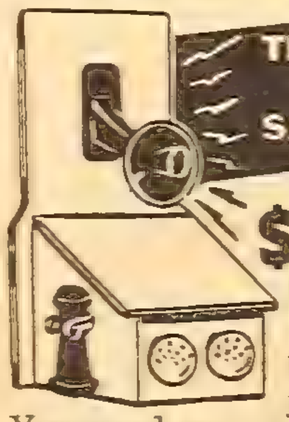
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TONY FRANCIOSA LOSES A BET

■ "Okay, it's a deal," said Tony Franciosa to the Earnest Character who usually got what she came for. "If you guess right, you can have it."

The Earnest Character took a sheet of paper, wrote two letters on it and held it up for Tony to see.

Tony looked as surprised as a man can look, meekly sat down, and said, "You win. Go ahead—"

The scene had started just a couple of minutes before, and the place was Tony's hotel room. The Earnest Character, a movie magazine writer, was the only other member of the cast. The scene's opening line, spoken by a belligerent Tony, was quite a shock to the *I-Always-Get-My-Story* gal.

"Look," said Tony as soon as she walked in the door, "you're wasting your time. So let's just quit now!"

Writer (soothingly) Why am I wasting my time?

Tony Because you're not going to get a story!

Writer (gently) Why won't I get a story?

Tony Because I'm not going to answer your questions!

Writer (soothingly again) Why won't you answer my questions?

Tony Because my private life's my own!

Then it was Tony's turn to become quiet and soothing, as if he were trying to explain something to an idiot child. "You're the second interviewer I've ever spoken to," Tony explained. "I kept telling that first one that I wasn't going to answer his questions on a particular subject and he kept saying 'All right, we'll forget about that,' and he'd ask me what my favorite food was and what I like to do for kicks and then he'd spring another one at me as if he thought in two minutes I'd forget that I had told him I wasn't going to talk about that particular subject. I finally got so sore I told him to get out. Then he starts the whole routine again. So *I* walked out!

"And it was *my* hotel room," Tony added, like he was reliving the injustice of it all over again. "So," finished the hot-blooded Tony with the hot temper, "let's save us both a lot of time and forget it!"

The writer looked at Tony, sized him up for the sportin' blood he was, and answered, "I won't bother trying to convince you that I can find a dozen stories in you, without harping at an angle you want to stay away from. You won't believe me. But how about a little bet. Man?"

Tony looked more interested and less mad.

She had him on the hook, and followed through fast. "If I guess what that 'particular subject' was that you didn't want to talk about—you'll answer a few questions for me. *Not*," the interviewer hurried on, "on the particular subject. On other things. If I don't guess, I'll go quietly, right now. Deal?"

This, Tony figured, was a snap. She'd be out in two seconds flat!

"Okay, it's a deal," said Tony, settling back to gloat over the fast win he was sure was coming. How *could* she guess? "Go ahead," crowed Tony, "guess."

The writer penciled two letters on a sheet of paper—S.W. Shelley Winters. Anybody who knew *anything* about Tony Franciosa knew that was one thing he never talked about—his romance with the lovely actress. Maybe because he didn't want his love for her to look like the brass ring on a merry-go-round that he was cashing in on. Or maybe because he just felt his private life was nobody's business but his own. Whatever the reason, it was no secret to reporters that Shelley was one subject Tony wouldn't discuss.

But *Tony* didn't know that everybody knew, and it was a very surprised Tony indeed who looked at the two letters on the sheet of paper—and realized he had lost his bet. "You win," he said, sittting down meek as a lamb to his second interview with the press . . .

Tony's currently in MGM's This Could Be The Night, *20th's* Hatful Of Rain *and Warners'* A Face In The Crowd. *Watch for him soon in Paramount's* Obsession.

So much in love

Once, a columnist phoned Terry's ho and asked her father where his daugh had disappeared. "I think she's in N York with a girl friend named Peggy," said, and that was all he would say.

Another time, the same columni phoned Nicky Hilton, who'd been dat Terry steadily right up until a cert night in December. "Where is she, Nic the columnist asked. "Who knows?" Ni answered, and that was all he *could* sa

Finally, in mid-February the n leaked out and Terry and Gene smilin confirmed it.

Then every paper in the country he lined it—how the young man and beautiful movie-star bride got married Las Vegas, while having dinner v friends Debbie and Eddie Fisher, sneaked out to a justice of the peace tween courses. "They did it secret Terry's mom told reporters, "because son-in-law isn't used to this Hollyw publicity and didn't want any fuss." columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, agree with Terry's mom, noted that "Eug McGrath is distinctly the un-Hol wood type." So un-Hollywood, as a n ter of fact, that one of the first thi Gene did after the first hoopla was c with was to hire a man to keep Ter name *out* of the papers as much as p sible—"my *suppress* agent," Terry c called him.

The next year was, in Terry's wo "simply wonderful." Terry was away f Hollywood most of that time in orde be with Gene. Quietly—*very* quietly the gay Terry Moore of only tw months earlier—she shuttled back forth between Panama, Caracas, N York and California with her husb And the few interviews she gave v usually at airports either before or aft flight, and the few words Terry usu said always boiled down to *I'm-very-h py-and-very-much-in-love.*

Urgent business

On their first anniversary, she ecs ically told columnist Sheilah Graham Gene was the best husband in the wo that he'd showered her with anniver gifts on the first of every month—diam earrings, rings, bracelets, a solid gold ry-all, some real estate in Venezuel mink stole, a race horse. "He even my mother a present," Terry said. houseboy from Panama who can driv car and wears white gloves and is a vine cook."

But only a few days later, Terry's h grew so suddenly heavy you would h thought it had been hit by a Swiss a lanche.

Terry and Gene had been in town al two weeks, visiting Terry's folks and ing their friends. Late one night G received a wire from Panama telling that he was needed back on urgent b ness. When Terry heard the news smiled and started to pack. Gene u her to stay behind. "You're having a good time . . ." he said. Terry said that she went where he went. "But only be gone about five days," Gene firmly, so next morning, she drove hi the airport, kissed him good-by, wave the plane as it zoomed off the runwa felt funny not being *on* the plane Gene—and drove back to town and beauty parlor there.

Terry tried to get away

That's where it all started—the g that in a few short days was to becom intense that it would, just months l shatter everything that had been ha ness to Terry.

"Terry Moore?" she heard the voic

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in September, you're sharing it with:

September 1—**Yvonne DeCarlo**
Vittorio Gassman
September 3—**Alan Ladd**
September 4—**Mitzi Gaynor**
September 6—**Otto Kruger**
September 7—**Peter Lawford**
September 8—**Denise Darcel**
September 9—**Cliff Robertson**
September 10—**Lloyd Nolan**
Edmond O'Brien
September 13—**Dick Haymes**
Scott Brady
September 16—**Lauren Bacall**
Anne Francis
September 17—**Pat Crowley**
September 18—**Phyllis Kirk**
Rossano Brazzi
September 19—**Ray Danton**
September 20—**Karen Sharpe**
Sophia Loren
September 22—**Marge Champion**
September 23—**Mickey Rooney**
September 25—**John Ericson**
Aldo Ray
September 26—**Barbara Britton**
Edmund Gwenn
September 29—**Anita Ekberg**
Steve Forrest
Lizabeth Scott
September 30—**Deborah Kerr**
Ben Cooper



Claudette Colbert
September 13



Walter Pidgeon
September 23



George Raft
September 24



Greer Garson
September 29

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the next booth say, "yes, I read about her anniversary present. And I just couldn't help wonder what kind of presents he gives those *other* girls he's got all over the place!"

"You really think he has—other girls, I mean?" a second voice asked.

"Everybody knows it," the first woman said, annoyed, "everybody except maybe you—and *her!*"

"Nincompoop," Terry muttered to herself as a startled hairdresser walked up to her chair, "—people with nothing else to do but make up stories about other people all day."

But gossip is contagious—it spreads, whether true or not. That night Terry went to a small party a friend had planned for her and Gene. Terry arrived alone of course, and explained that Gene had been called away on business.

"*Do* you know?" a very drunk female guest asked a few minutes later, cornering her.

"Do I know what?" Terry asked, confused.

"About this Eugene McGrath of yours," the woman said, "and the way he carries on behind your back."

Terry tried to get away from the woman. "Please . . ." she said, pushing a little.

"Terry, be smart." the woman said, "people are talking. Everybody knows. At least stop walking around with that stardust in your eyes. Be smart." "Please," Terry whispered, the tears starting to fall as she ran to the front door and to her car and away from all this.

Whispers everywhere

The next few days were horrible. The gossip had made the rounds by now—*You should have seen her run crying at the party when his name was mentioned!*—and Terry couldn't go *anywhere* without the eyes shifting to her, and the whisper beginning.

It's hard to say exactly what Terry heard during these days. But she heard plenty and, true or not, what she heard hurt her plenty.

And things were different between her and Gene when he came back to California.

Terry began to lose weight. People who saw them out together remembered that the normally-gay couple had become very quiet—and they always looked as though they had just had. or were just about to have, some kind of tiff.

People noticed, too, how Terry began remaining in Hollywood more and more as Gene went off on his far-flung business trips; how Terry was becoming more interested in picture making—and signed up for two films. She began giving a rash of interviews to the press once again, and ended up saying some of the strangest things—strange for the 1957 Terry Moore, when compared with the '56 model.

What was really going on

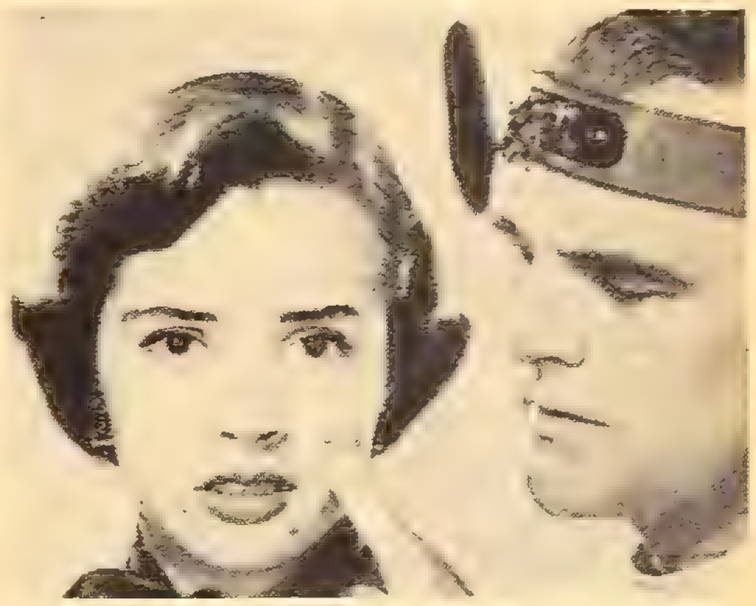
Once, in 1956, someone had asked Terry if she didn't get tired traveling as much as she did, having lunch in this country, dinner in that, wondering just which of her swimming pools she was swimming in—at the moment. "I *love* it," Terry had said, "because I love my husband and want to be with him all the time." Now, in 1957, an interviewer asked Terry how come she wasn't traveling so much with her husband, how come she wasn't with him as much as she used to be. "Because he's so busy," said Terry, and that ended that interview.

Once, in 1956, someone had asked Terry if her interest in making movies was on the wane. "No," said Terry, "it's just that it's difficult being in two places at one time—and I know where I want to be." . . . Now, in 1957, after having signed for

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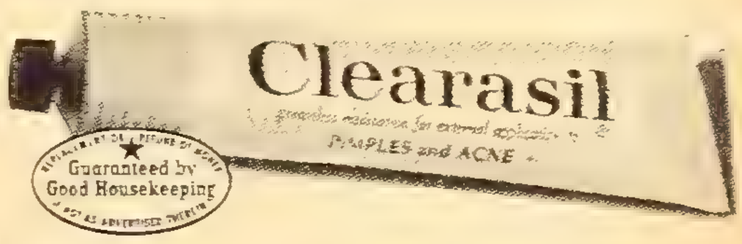


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the two pictures, an interviewer asked how-come? "Because," said Terry, "I want to prove to people that I'm still as good an actress as I was when I was nominated for the Oscar in *Come Back, Little Sheba.*" She said nothing about being separated from her husband.

It was all pretty confusing, and only the people who really knew both Terry and Gene knew what was going on—and what was to come. And even the close friends didn't agree with each other.

An All-American kind of girl

"Gene McGrath is a self-made man," said one friend to a MODERN SCREEN editor. "He's not the son of some rich old codger who heaped a couple of million bucks on Gene. He worked hard for his money, and he's got to work hard to keep on making it. He's got to keep on the go, travel around a lot, go to parties, meet people, talk to attractive women as well as to influential men. Terry should realize this and not get all upset when somebody starts trying to make something out of nothing. And I say *out of nothing*—because Gene is real squaresville as far as Terry's concerned, completely faithful. The guy loves her!"

But another of the friends said once, "I think he could have tried to consolidate his businesses a little more, given up some of that running around for a home—and found *one* home. He went to Hollywood once and fell in love with a beautiful movie star and married her—the dream of lots of American boys. Well, there's nothing wrong with that, but why not live in a way that would let the movie star *remain* a star. There's nothing wrong with Terry's wanting to do something *she* likes, either!"

"Terry just got completely exhausted with all that traveling and the gossip just hit her when her defenses were down—and knocked her out," says a friend of hers in her defense. "She's an All-American kind of girl and the United States of America is basically where she likes—and wants—to live. She's not an Ava, who takes off for Spain on her own and *after* she leaves her husband. And she's not a Liz, who's as happy on the French Riviera as she is anywhere else in the world . . . And Terry is an actress, a good one, and she's never going to be happy until she proves that she's even better than good. For this, a girl needs encouragement from her husband—and lots of it."

"I want to be with you"

"There's no reason why she couldn't have given up her career for love," says a critic of Terry, taking another point of view. "Certainly she's had her share of the Hollywood limelight. I think a wife should go with her husband. He travels around a lot? Well, it isn't so bad living in those posh places all over the world. And what if she'd fallen in love with some young army lieutenant who was sent to some hell-spot in some desert for a couple of years?

"I like Terry, like her a lot. But I think she made a real boo-boo when she decided that she was going to combine making movies with happy endings with a life with the same kind of ending."

Anyway, in June, Terry filed for divorce. Completely fatigued, she took refuge in a rest home. Gene, who'd been away for a few days, rushed to see her when he heard the news. They were alone for half an hour. When Gene left the hospital, he looked drawn. He told reporters about Terry's request for the divorce. "But I'm sure," he said hopefully, "that when Terry's given a chance to think it out, she'll recognize she's doing a great injustice to me and to others. She's been misinformed. I love her, love her very much.



LONELIEST NIGHT IN THE WEEK

■ One Saturday night we were sitting around watching television. Ray, my twelve-year-old son and my eighty-two-year-old father who makes his home with us, are terrific TV fans. Me, *I* can take TV or leave it—but I love movies. I also love working in a movie studio and I think you'll understand why. I'm a private secretary. I work for—Robert Wagner!

It was somewhere around eight when the phone rang.

"What are you all doing?" asked my boss, when I picked up the phone. Before I finished telling him, he quickly cut in.

"Do you mind if I come over and watch TV too? It's kind of lonely here in my apartment, so I'll just grab a fast bite and then drop by if you don't mind."

There was nothing to eat in the ice box—nothing to eat except eggs. When I offered to fix them for Bob, he couldn't have been more pleased. So over he came, ate his eggs—and promptly fell asleep on the living room couch!

For the past few months Bob had been getting up at dawn and working fiendishly long hours on *The True Story Of Jesse James.* He was really exhausted and at midnight when he was still dead to the world, we just didn't have the heart to awaken him. Instead, we covered him with a blanket and tip-toed off to bed. Along about three in the morning Bob quietly closed the front door behind him and headed for home.

As Robert Wagner's secretary, my duties include opening his fan mail and assorting it for him to answer. Invariably there are letters that tell Bob how much fans envy him for the gay and glamorous life he leads in Hollywood. And when my friends ask me about Bob Wagner, they sigh and say something like this, "Of course, life for him must be one continual whirl of parties and social life." I often wonder if anyone would believe that Saturday night can be the loneliest night in the week. Yes, even for someone as popular and famous as—you know *who!*

Nena Wills

Bob will soon be seen in 20th-Fox's Stopover Tokyo.

ELVIS gets his hair set



■ Dolores Hart whispered in Elvis' ear, asking his permission. He looked startled but said *yes*. She ran to get tissue paper, handed it to El. and started twisting his hair—back and forth . . .



■ Elvis was a big help: he twisted the tissue, handed it to Dolores, even made jokes up so she wouldn't be so tense—even though *he* was going the get the brunt of it! Dolores worked away . . .



■ The first curl was set: then the rest. But the photographer shooting stills on *Loving You* was ready, so out came the pins—and the curls. El still wonders how he'd have looked with curly hair!

I hope she realizes that. I hope so with all my heart . . ."

The end of the story? It's a very nice one! After a few more days in the rest home, after lots of thinking things over, after phoning Gene at home a few times to find out if he was all right, and then phoning him to come to the home for a while and talk—after seeing Gene in the little white room that second time and reaching for his hand and realizing that this was the hand she always wanted to be able to reach for, always—Terry whispered, "I've changed my mind. I don't want the divorce. I want to be with you, Gene. With you!"

A nurse—the chubby one with the big brown eyes—who happened to walk into the room a little while later, reports that Terry and Gene were both having a good long cry. "And I have a hunch," the nurse said, winking her favorite wink, "that those tears wiped away a lot of unnecessary heartbreak." END

Terry is currently in 20th Century-Fox's Bernardine *and will soon be seen in* Peyton Place.

kim's broken engagement

(*Continued from page 39*) covered the ground. The moonlight illuminated the trees as in a fairyland.

"I want you to kiss me," Kim whispered softly as they were halfway through the park.

He tried to take her into his arms.

"No, not like this." She pointed at a hedge a hundred feet away. "You go over there and I'll stay here. And when you turn we both run toward one another and I fly into your arms and *then* you kiss me. . . ."

Slightly amused, he did as she told him. But before Kim started to run, an inexplicable impulse made her slip off her shoes and run barefooted. As a result she cut her toe.

"That was a silly stunt," her new fiance commented when he noticed her limp. He didn't like to see her hurt.

Kim was hurt a lot more than he thought. At least that's what she told herself: that he wasn't as romantic as she was. That he considered her childish and silly. And the more she thought about his attitude, and of hers, the more sure she became convinced that they weren't right for one another, and broke the engagement.

Actually she was only kidding herself.

Kim liked him as much after they split up as she did before. She simply didn't want to get married to him, to anyone.

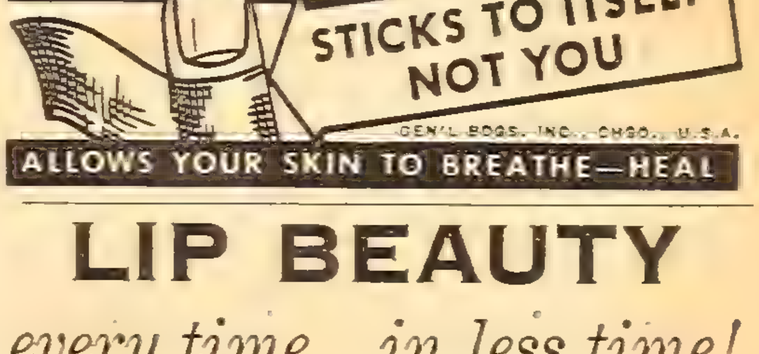
But why?

Kim knows, in her secret heart

Well, for one thing, Kim knew even then, back in Chicago, that the ordinary domestic life wouldn't satisfy her completely—at least not until she first tried the exciting glamorous route. Only Kim, herself, in her secret heart, knows why she decided on a life of excitement and heartbreak and work, rather than security and love and children. But having decided, she couldn't let love or marriage stand in her way. From the beginning, Kim's devotion to her work was probably unequalled by any star's in Hollywood.

Certainly every actress has ambitions. They wouldn't get where they are without it. But offhand, with the exception of Judy Garland, we don't recall one girl her age who had to go to the hospital to recuperate from exhaustion, as Kim did between the time she finished *Jeanne Eagels* and







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started *Pal Joey.* For almost three weeks she was confined to the CEDARS OF LEBANON, with no scripts to read, no business to talk about, no visitors, nothing to do but rest and eat.

For Kim is involved with more than the long working hours which often require her to get up at three-thirty in the morning and not get home before eight at night. It's the tenseness with which she throws herself into a part that wears her out, and thus leads to a state of weariness, physical and mental, which is hardly conducive to a happily settled married life. And she knows it.

The Patience of Job

With it goes a change of moods which might drive any husband batty in no time. If the script calls for Kim to be happy, she is happy from the time she gets up in the morning till she goes back to bed at night. But if the script calls for her to be depressed, she will be depressed from morn to night.

And she knows it would take a man with the patience of Job to get adjusted to these constant changes of moods.

For instance, one Sunday night a friend ran into Kim and Mac Krim just as they were leaving a restaurant in West Los Angeles. Much to her surprise Kim was carrying the script of her picture under her arm. "Don't tell me you study your script on a date," she cried out.

Kim nodded her head. "Sure, while Mac is driving I can go through my lines. . ."

The death-bed promise

Another concern is her strongly religious attitude.

It hasn't always been that way, as she is the first to admit.

When she was little her outlook was very much influenced by the example of her parents, and particularly her grandmother on her mother's side, who lived with the Novaks. "Grandma" never went to bed without saying the rosary, attended church not just on Sundays, but every day of the week as well. Kim did her best to follow her footsteps.

Her grandmother's death brought about another complete change of attitude. Kim hadn't even realized that she had never been confirmed. With her last breath the old woman extracted a promise from her granddaughter to make up for it as quickly as possible.

A few weeks later the teenaged Kim marched down the aisle in the company of a dozen girls to be confirmed.

From then on her participation in church activities became progressively stronger till religion became as much a part of her life as eating and sleeping.

Quite obviously, a girl like that wants a husband who would qualify under the rules of her church. That excludes quite a number of prospects!

Her fear about men

Lastly there's Kim's fear that men like her for her position as a star and not just as a person.

Nine out of ten movie stars are gripped by the very same fear. But with Kim this fear is even stronger than usual—maybe because Kim has become such a big star in such a short time.

It is difficult to predict Kim's future. Chances are she will get married some day. But when it happens, it is almost certain to be through an elopement. If Kim ever had the chance to sit down and reason out the pros and cons, she would talk herself right out of it—no matter who he is! **END**

Kim's in Columbia's Jeanne Eagels *and* Pal Joey. *Watch for her soon in Alfred Hitchcock's Paramount release* From Amongst The Dead.



"HEADS NEW YORK, TAILS HOLLYWOOD"

■ Jeanette MacDonald tossed a coin one day—and it could have been her biggest mistake!

The coin got tossed when Jeanette was getting her first taste of success. The Shuberts had signed her to star in a stage musical at $1,000 a week—a staggering sum for a twenty-two-year-old! Particularly for one who had struggled so hard to get someplace. And—they promised her another show for the following season.

At last Jeanette and her mother could say *good-by* to the cheap hotel rooms they had lived in for years. For at least this season and the next, there was security—real security. But they'd hardly been installed in a new apartment when Jeanette received a telegram from the late, great Ernest Lubitsch. He wanted her to play opposite Maurice Chevalier in *The Love Parade*: $2500 for ten weeks, and an option for a second picture.

Now back in 1929, talkies were still in the experimental stage, and nobody knew if they were here to stay. If Jeanette took the movie offer—and the movie turned out to be a flop—she might never get another chance at Broadway. But . . . a screen star . . . *that* was tempting too!

Jeanette begged her mother for advice.

"You're old enough now to make your own decisions," her mother answered. "You must learn to plan your own future."

Jeanette decided about it. "I'll toss a coin! Heads, it's New York, and tails it's Hollywood!" Taking a quarter from her purse, she flipped it into the air.

As Jeanette reached for it, her mother stopped her. "I'm ashamed of you, Jeanette! God gave you a mind to think with and a heart to feel with. And here you want to leave it to chance."

So Jeanette was up all night wrestling with her choice. At five in the morning she woke her mother.

"We're going to Hollywood!"

Then, out of curiosity, she picked up the quarter. It had come up heads! And heads had meant stay in New York.

"The foolishness of depending on a toss of a coin in life's crises," she said years later, "is a lesson I'll never forget. My Hollywood career was a success and it was in *Hollywood* that I met and married Gene Raymond twenty years ago. Our marriage has brought me the most complete happiness a woman can ever know.

"I'd never have had that happiness and success if I had left my future up to the toss of a coin!"

ow to get your man

(Continued from page 47) lower lip for while, and have him look at your lower p. It's much better than looking at the ose, or at nothing at all.

If you have full lips, it helps. If you on't—learn to use a lipstick brush and ake them full! A lower lip, in par- cular, is a wonderful thing. It's very exy, your looking at his lip all the time nd his looking at yours. Without know- g why, he's enjoying it. Another thing to o is inflate the nostrils slightly, and art the lips a little. I love parted lips.

Also a very exciting thing to do is to nhale. Naturally, you can't spend all our time looking at a man's lower lip, o it's a good idea to look into his eyes ery often. But be sure to lower your yelids once in a while and close your yes a few times. Because otherwise you're taring at him, and you should only utstare a man to get rid of him. Because wolf is only a wolf when you're running way from him. You stare at him and e backs away. So make sure you lower our eyelids once in a while!

The next thing I always keep in mind that a guy likes to feel useful—like you ouldn't even lift a fork. So I never do *nything* that my guy can do for me. nd I don't just mean things like lighting ny own cigarette or opening a door, or icking up anything I happen to drop.

I make him *know* I couldn't do a thing ithout him, couldn't manage to *live* ithout his being around.

Like with my doorbell. I happened to omment to Mickey one day—that's Mickey Hargitay, my boy friend—that o one could fix it but me. It went *innnnn* instead of *dum-dummmm*, and I ad to lift the thingamijig with a knife to ake it work. I didn't realize that I had urt Mickey's feelings. Not till the next ay when I came home and found that Mickey had arranged to have a new door-bell put on outside. He showed me! I was *not* the only one who could fix it. I learned my lesson—not only play dumb . . . be helpless!

But of course I always try to be considerate, you know what I mean—baby a man. Like if he comes over, maybe for dinner, and he looks tired—light him a cigarette, stretch him out on the sofa with a pillow under his head and maybe get a cold cloth and bathe his forehead.

"But don't think that makes it all a man's world. Because you'd be surprised what a little thoughtfulness before dinner will get you . . . after dinner.

"Like when a wife says, 'I'm not going to do the dishes tonight!' Then the husband says, 'Well, I'm not going to do them either!' And that's that . . . she ends up doing the dishes. If the wife would just say—like I say to my boy friend Mickey when he comes over to my place for dinner—'You sit right down and make yourself comfortable, dear. I'll get your pipe and your slippers, and then I'll go in the kitchen and wash the dishes while you watch television.' Of course Mickey always answers, 'Don't be silly, darling. I won't hear of it. I insist on helping you.' Of course, I spar a little and say, 'You certainly will not, dear. I want you to sit down and relax.' By this time he's so touched that in the end he's doing the dishes all by himself!

It's true the guy is kind of being conned into it, but it's better than *demanding* that he do something! But you should start training them *before* you say *I do*, while they're still in the boy-friend stage!

See what I mean? Baby them!

That's how to get your man—and keep him!

Jayne is currently in 20th Century-Fox's The Wayward Bus *and will soon be seen in* Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? *and* Kiss Them For Me. **END**



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how JACK LEMMON satisfied his great frustration



Dig into Jack Lemmon's pockets and you're very likely to come up with a handful f scribbled tunes on paper ranging from the back of the plumber's bill to an old nvelope. But he never sold a tune. Until he was down Trinidad way, making *Fire Down Below* with Rita Hayworth and Bob Mitchum.

The way Jack Lemmon finally satisfied his greatest ambition happened this way. The boy in the picture," he says, speaking of himself, "plays a harmonica. I had lways worked on a piano, but there I was, in front of the camera, diddling on a lain old, ordinary ten cent harmonica. I was just improvising a tune as I went long, figuring it would be dubbed later by someone else."

But director Bob Parrish pricked up his ears and asked, "What's that tune?"

"That?" echoed Lemmon. "Why, I don't know. Just something."

"Play it again," said Parrish.

Jack played it again. The crew liked it; it soon became the company's theme song. It also became the theme song for *Fire Down Below*, running through the film. COLUMBIA STUDIO bought it, which surprised Jack more than anybody.

That's how Jack finally sold a song—*and* realized his most unsatisfied ambition. Now Jack, who's a chronic worrier, is saying, "I only hope I like it when I hear it n the picture."

Jack's in Columbia's Fire Down Below. Operation Mad Ball *and* Cowboy.



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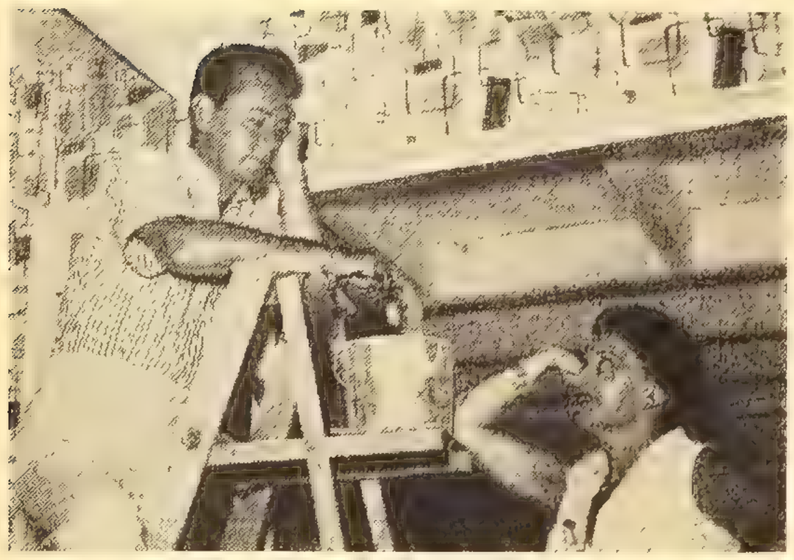
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accident prone GREGORY PECK and ALAN LADD



Seems like Gregory Peck always has some sort of accident when making a film. It can either be a cut, a black eye or the sprained wrist he got in Moby Dick.



On the other hand, Alan Ladd who gives and receives plenty of punches on film, and is often in stampede scenes, comes out fine only to go home and have an accident there!

■ "My history in handling the rough action shots in my films would make the BLUE CROSS people turn white with alarm over all those claims!" says Gregory Peck.

"It started with *The Keys Of The Kingdom* where the script called for Chinese bandits to throw me down a cliff. Elvis Presley should have been there to sing me 'All Shook Up.' It would have been real mood music for that episode—and the six days I spent in bed recovering from it!

"Then there was the time Forrest Tucker failed to pull his punch on a haymaker to my jaw. He says I snapped my head forward instead of rolling away from the punch, as an experienced stuntman would do. Suggested theme song for that episode: 'You're Breaking My Heart'—with just one word change in the title: Tucker broke my jaw!

"A horse fell on me in *Yellow Sky* and broke my leg. Years later, rescuing Ava Gardner in *The Snows Of Kilimanjaro* ruined the same leg—tore a lot of cartilage and put me in a plaster cast for six weeks. That time, though, at least I had some fun out of it. Instead of a horse carrying me, I was carrying lovely Ava.

"But once a horse *saved* me from injury or injury-plus. For *Duel In The Sun* I had to ride a stallion into a herd of stampeding steers. I was smack in the middle of those milling cows before I realized they meant business—they wanted to give *me* the business! It was one occasion when good old horse sense saved me—and I mean the horse's, not mine! He got us out.

"Remember me in *Captain Horatio Hornblower?* One of the sword-slinging scenes put a sixteen-stitch cut in my right hand during that picture. Diving into the Tiber River at two in the morning for *Roman Holiday* ruined my holiday in Rome with a near attack of pneumonia. And I know *Moby Dick* was just a mechanical monster, but I had a whale of a time hanging on its sloping sides—and the sprained wrist I got out of it still bothers me. If that wasn't bad enough, I sprained the other wrist during the gangster fight in my latest picture, *Designing Woman.* I hardly noticed the injured wrist at the time, though—the pain from my very genuine black eye was so much worse.

"Won't somebody please find me a script writer without a big streak of action in him?"

Then there's Alan Ladd, who feels lucky on the set . . .

"Many of the directors I've worked for," says Alan, "have urged me to use a double in the kingsize commotion scenes at least. but I've stuck to the belief that I'm lucky.

"I guess a logical question now is whether I've ever been seriously hurt. Yes, I have. I've been in the hospital twice for major injuries—once for a broken leg, the other time for emergency treatment of a badly infected hand that had the doctors walking around with that *shall we amputate?* look in their eye!

"What pictures was I hurt in? Oh, I didn't get those injuries on the job. The broken leg happened when I hit the high board teaching my kids how to dive—and the infected hand started with a fingernail that ripped when I was showing my boy David how to catch a forward pass!

"No wonder I feel 'lucky' in a slugfest on the set!"

Gregory Peck is currently in MGM's Designing Woman, *Alan, in 20th Century-Fox's* Boy On A Dolphin. *Gregory will soon be in 20th's* The Sound And The Fury *and U.A.'s* Thieves' Market. *Watch for Alan in Warners'* The Deep Six.

jane wyman—gail smith

(*Continued from page 51*) What happened in April, 1956, when Janie tried to "blue-pencil" love out of her life?

A close friend of hers—who happens, incidentally, to be a publicity man—says "Jane was *afraid* to fall in love. That's why she broke with Gail in 1956."

Sounds crazy, huh?

Why was she afraid?

The clue is an old newspaper clipping in Louella Parsons' column. It was in 1949 just after Jane split with Ronald Reagan that Louella wrote:

"TO JANE, RONNIE STOOD FOR EVERYTHING THAT WAS PERFECTION. SHE WAS VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH RONALD REAGAN, AND THE THING SHE WANTED MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD WAS TO MARRY HIM."

"Ronnie," says a Wyman intimate, "was *the* man in Janie's life right up till Gail came along. Their divorce was an absolute shock to Jane—a blow from which I don't think Jane recovered—till now. Till she met Gail."

Reagan, Irish-tempered and a devout believer in the rights of a husband, insisted that the marriage run his way, the story goes. Jane, at this point—according to insiders—unfortunately acted on the poor advice of industry friends and told Ronny their marriage would have to give a little to her career. Ronald fought this as long as he could. Then he gave up.

So in 1948 they were divorced.

Four years after her divorce from Reagan, Jane at last seemed to have succeeded in driving away the memory of her lost happiness with Reagan.

"I only pray . . ."

She became gay, regained the vivacious sparkle so long gone from those saucer-shaped eyes under the page-boy bangs. She toured the night spots with this one and that one. She even got engaged—to Travis Kleefeld, heir to a construction fortune. But the wedding was called off.

Then, Jane was soon seen everywhere with Fred Karger, a supervisor of music at COLUMBIA STUDIOS. She did marry, but fourteen months later they knew their marriage was a mistake. All Jane would say is, "I don't know myself yet. Of course I'm restless. Like everyone else I'm searching for happiness, but I must do it my own way. I only pray that I will know it when I see it."

So Jane eliminated everything from her life but her children and her work. She kept busy with her television series.

Television series. . . .

And that's how she met Gail. He happened to be her sponsor's representative and he happened to be her kind of guy—a man who was finally to make Jane forget the unhappiness of so many long years.

Perhaps they met at the beginning of what was to be a nerve-wracking conference on the show, and in the quick *hello's* Jane may have noticed that his eyes held hers for more than a moment.

Or they met after a tough rehearsal with Jane exhausted and Gail offering to drive her home.

How they met really makes no difference.

What's important is they *did* meet!

Too happy to take the risk

What's he like, this man who captured Jane's heart—the heart that remained so cold to romance for such a long time? What's he like? Well, for one thing, Gail Smith is a happy man. Happy because he's going to marry Jane, because she's made life exciting to him just being with her. And he's a man who can make Jane happy because he knows the life an actress lives—and Jane knows that their marriage

can't flounder on the rock of ambition. Their careers are too different: neither of them will be trying to outdo the other in *any* department.

"He's *so* understanding," Jane said recently, "and so unbelievably kind. He certainly didn't impress me when I first met him. He was much too short. But then we had dinner one evening, and I sort of took a liking to the guy—and I knew he liked me," she laughs. "And after all he *was* the sponsor—so I said *yes* to his next invitation, and the next. . . That's all there is to it. Except . . . I haven't been happy the last few years, and being with him makes me feel wonderful!"

So far that's the most Jane has ever said about her love for Gail. Maybe she's just a little superstitious about it, afraid that talking of her happiness might make it fly away. And Janie Wyman is too happy a girl these days to risk it.

Oh, yes. There was one other thing she said about Gail Smith—"I don't see why we couldn't be very happy as man and wife!" She once prayed that when happiness came her way she'd recognize it.

It's here now; she's recognized it, and she's doing something about it. She's marrying it—in Gail Smith. **END**

what's wrong with this picture?

(Continued from page 35) band-aids if I have to hide it in a movie!" she said. And at eighteen? A divorcee who told the judge her husband had sworn at her in front of guests, and left her alone too much.

And the missing third part of the triangle—Russ Tamblyn, the boy to whom Venetia spoke her marriage vows? Rusty—so in love at twenty-one that sometimes "I just have to go outside and look at the stars, or I'd explode—" At twenty-two—the wreckage of a marriage behind him. He looks back grimly and says, "The past year has been hell for me. I haven't even worked—"

For Tony, Venetia, Russ—what kind of tomorrow will it be?

There are hints that Tony's smitten with the lady. "She's wonderful," he says. But Tony's been smitten before. A complicated boy, his dark and brooding looks tell no lies—he *is* dark and brooding. He's also ambitious. Tony's rise has been fast and furious, but no accident. He wasn't discovered on a street corner toying with an ice cream cone. To put it bluntly, he pushed.

When William Wyler was looking for the boy to play Gary Cooper's son in *Friendly Persuasion,* a lot of actors saw themselves in the role. Perkins went further. He saw himself into Wyler's hotel room. He tracked the director down, insisted on being heard by him. Tony knew Wyler was deaf in one ear, but not knowing which ear was bad, he leaped around the room throughout his audition to make sure that *some* of the time he'd be heard.

He got the part.

"So head over heels"

He's shy and blushes easily. But Tony hasn't let his shyness stand in the way of his career. He'll tell you he can't bear to be disliked. "I'd go around the world to catch up with someone who doesn't like me to find out why, and what I could do about it!" Strangely, this concern with what other people think of him doesn't jibe at all with his behavior. Tony walks around Hollywood in his bare feet; he instructs photographers in the art of shooting him; he tears up messages out of his mailbox without bothering to read them; he tells interviewers anything that comes into his head—once he invented a story about living on celery, peanuts and steak.

Ask him about his childhood, and you get outrageous answers all delivered with a straight face and a sad manner. "Once I hit my grandmother in the eye with a bow and arrow," Tony will say. "I'm sorry I did that because I really liked my grandmother."

He's fought with producers who've vowed never again to hire him—*and* he's charmed them into changing their minds. Girls are dazzled whenever he feels inclined to bend his efforts in their direction. The minute he *un*bends, those efforts, the girl is left standing and wondering what hit her. "I come away from Tony," a girl said recently, "so head over heels I don't know if I'm in this world or the next."

Change his way of life?

When Tony puts an end to a romance, another girl said, "there are never any scenes or tears. It's more like a door closing. Suddenly you're on one side of it, and he's on the other tacking up a sign which reads *Positively No Re-Admittance.*"

When Tony was making *Fear Strikes Out,* he dated his leading lady, Norma Moore. It was a whirlwind courtship. Then suddenly he was dating Elaine Aiken, his leading lady in *The Lonely Man.* Tony simply faded from that picture, too. In Italy to make *The Sea Wall,* Tony met Natacio Mangano, Silvana's sister, a red-headed eighteen-year-old fresh out of a convent.

Tony didn't much enjoy his trip abroad. From Thailand he wrote, "You can't eat vegetables or fresh fruit without risking a serious ailment; American cigarettes are seven-fifty a carton, and we're up to our hips in the mud of rice fields ten hours a day."

But he *did* enjoy the companionship of Natacio. He even traveled to Florence to meet her mother and father, a step so serious it may have terrified him back to reality, and thoughts of escape. He made a fast switch from Natacio to Maria Cooper, Gary's daughter, and suddenly all the

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ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID—NOW TO BE A BRIDE

■ All of Lori Nelson's friends, including Debbie Reynolds Fisher, Ann Blyth, Pier Angeli, Julie Adams and many high school friends, are settling back and relaxing these days. It seems that Lori, who's often been a bridesmaid, will now wind up a bride.



The reason they feel this way is because they've been noticing that Lori's hazel eyes shoot off stars whenever she's on the arm of husky Bob Peterson, who is a publishing dynamo at the age of thirty. She's been dating him steadily for seven months, somewhat of a record for Lori and she admits she's "his girl." She's helping him decorate his modern hilltop home which has three bedrooms, a house obviously not intended for a bachelor.

"Everyone I know worried about my bachelor girl status except me," laughs Lori. "Now that I'm going steady all my married friends are trying to rush me to the altar. I guess I really got everyone dizzy including myself during the past few years attending so many weddings and showers. Every time I'd show up at a wedding, the bride would do her best to toss the bouquet into my arms. But the next wedding was always some other girl's, not mine. My friends began teasing me."

Why should this be, you wonder, for a girl who has dated Hollywood's most eligible young men? Lori knew the answer; she wasn't in love. Because Dick Clayton, a constant escort, talked business, not romance, on their dates. Ben Cooper spent many evenings going over scripts with her. Dick Egan, George Nader and Tab Hunter used to whisper their career problems to her.

Her sympathetic and gentle nature got them all confiding in her and Lori found she couldn't fall in love with a man who she regarded as a *brother*.

Then, last summer along came six-footer Bob Peterson.

Soon Lori found herself leaning on Pete, a new experience for her. Instead of having a boy lean on her shoulder, she cried on his. Mostly, however, she laughed with him instead. Even sooner they were seeing each other constantly. Lori loves all sports, which is not only Pete's living but his passion. And Pete has no complexes about Lori's career. Besides the many things they have in common, what really convinced Lori that Pete must be the man she was waiting for was this: she never once thought of him as a brother!

Lori can soon be seen in U.A.'s Outlaw's Son.

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columns were full of the new couple. Tony and Maria were acting serious, and Maria had given Tony a present—four trout, gift-wrapped—and there were references to the fact that Tony, who'd once played Gary's son, might soon be Gary's son-in-law. It was a spring-time idyll with Maria, but now spring appears to be sprung.

Tony values his independence the way he values the breath he draws. *Twice* he's been engaged; *twice* he's stopped short of marriage. During those engagement periods, he'd wake up cold with sweat, talking to himself. "My God, I'm going to have to change my whole way of life—" He hasn't *yet* met the girl who seems worth it, as far as anybody knows.

What hope for Tony and Venetia?

Now Tony's phoning Venetia Stevenson and taking her with him when he shops for an automobile, and crooning his songs into her shell-pink ear. Can Venetia hope to tame Tony, or is she in for a brand-new heartbreak?

Tony and Russ are alike in more ways than one. Both are supremely unconventional. Tony fancies tuna and cheese for breakfast, and Russ is known for putting ketchup on ice cream. Tony's apt to show up almost anyplace in yellow slacks and sweater—"I'm carried away by yellow"—or a peculiar green corduroy outfit. Rusty's equally heedless of the latest fashions. At a première a while ago he asked his friends how they liked his new suit. He was tieless, and had on a rumpled jacket and pants and an old sports shirt he hadn't worn in years.

Dancing makes Tony stutter, while Russ *is* a dancer—but both are fascinated by music. Tony longs to make a hit record —insists on singing to anyone who'll listen; Rusty fancies himself a demon pianist. There were nights during his marriage when he'd get caught up at a friend's house, playing piano, and forget to come home, forget to phone, forget everything except the kicks he was having. Tony wants to be able to flop into the swimming pool at four o'clock in the morning, if he's so inclined; Russ wants to be able to drum all night—and why can't the neighbors live the same way so there wouldn't be all this trouble?

The liking Tony and Russ have for going their own separate ways makes them intriguing to know, but it does *not* make them ideal prospects for marriage. There is, of course, one major difference: Tony's been eager to flee from marriage; Russ was eager to have it.

If, with all the love and high intentions in the world, Russ couldn't make marriage work, what hope is there for Tony and Venetia?

The biggest fight of all

There are so many pictures of Russ and Venetia still floating around. Those pictures look like they're right out of a fairy tale, and maybe that was the trouble. The world Russ and Venetia believed in was a story book world; it never really existed.

The Tamblyns had a vague budget, and neither approved of the other's way with money. Russ, a child of a happy marriage, wanted his wife to stay home and have children. Venetia wanted a career and he pretended to be glad.

"I was too possessive," he said at the time. "I thought because she loved me she would give up everything and just be a housewife. I realized that was asking too much." Even so, Russ never figured on Venetia's becoming an actress. Modeling was as much as he expected her to toy with. When the acting chance came along, he again gave in—but he never could really make himself share Venetia.

The Tamblyns filled a lovely house with lovely furniture, yet they were seldom home in it at the same time. Venetia would have dinner ready, and Russ would call and say they had to go out with a studio publicist, and Venetia wouldn't want to go, and there'd be a fight. In the beginning, these fights were easily settled.

After a while, there were fights about *everything*. He'd push her in the pool without her bathing cap, and she didn't think it was cute any more. He'd eat roquefort cheese till the smell of it made her sick. She'd have a pink carpet in the bedroom, and little white cupids he felt silly living with.

Then came the straw that broke the back of this already-shaky marriage: Venetia posed for some cheesecake pictures—pictures that were none too modest. The fight was big and there was *no* making up.

Will Venetia go with him?

They didn't even make it to their first wedding anniversary. They'd been married on Valentine's Day, 1956—they were separated before Valentine's Day, 1957.

The first fine excitement was over—and the marriage was over too. Storybook love is made of moonlight, and flowers on the table. It was never meant to stand up to dirty dishes, and the tensions of two tired people after a long day.

Even work didn't go well for Russ during the year of his marriage. He who'd played in two pictures a year since he'd been ten years old, wasn't in demand at his studio. When television tried to borrow him for a version of *Jack And The Beanstalk*, the studio refused to lend him. Later his father became critically ill with a brain tumor. Older, wiser people—people who had none of Russ and Venetia's problems—would have had trouble. Russ had dreamed of a wife at home, not an actress. Venetia had hoped for a husband who would protect and cherish her, and never be bad-tempered or late for dinner. Humans aren't angels. Something had to give. It was their marriage.

Today, Russ' career is again in high gear. He's got a good part in *Peyton Place*. He's going out with girls—Anne Francis, Gia Scala—but he's still got Venetia on his mind. They've been seeing each other again, though they vow they'll never be reconciled.

And, of course, Venetia is seeing Tony Perkins. What will come of that romance? Well—in November, Tony's off to New York to star in a Broadway play. Will Venetia go with him? It isn't likely. Tony's known for traveling light...

Take one more close look at the picture. It's a picture of a triangle—with one of the people missing. What about the other two? When Tony gets that new car, where is he heading? And with whom? **END**

Tony is currently in Paramount's The Lonely Man *and will soon be seen in* The Tin Star. *He will also be in Columbia's* This Bitter Earth. *Watch for Venetia in RKO's* Girl Most Likely *and Warner Bros.'* Darby's Rangers. *See Russ in MGM's* Don't Go Near The Water *and 20th's* Peyton Place.



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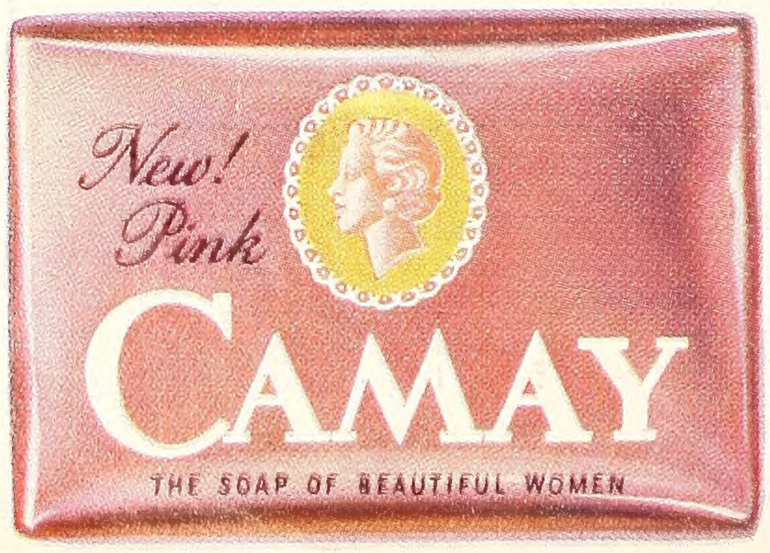
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